

DECEMBER 30, 1991 \$2.50



IMAGES '91
Pictures of
The Year

TIME

THE SEARCH FOR MARY

**Was the most
revered woman
in history God's
handmaid—or
the first feminist?**



724404

1992

Skylark

A lasting impre

The all-new Buick Skylark.

We asked California
artist Ed Lister to
capture it on
canvas.

Did he?

You decide. But when you see the
completely redesigned 1992 Skylark,
we think it will make a strong and
positive impression on you.

Impressive Control.

An all-new Adjustable Ride Control
system* lets you select the ride you
desire: soft, for a comfortable ride,

sport, or an automatic setting that
selects the best suspension feel at
varying speeds.

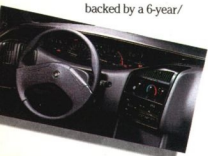
Quality and Convenience.

Buick quality is evident throughout
the new Skylark in thoughtful
touches like rear-seat ventilation/
heat ducts, and the extensive use



ssion for the nineties.

of 2-sided galvanized steel to fight corrosion. This quality feature is backed by a 6-year/



100,000-mile rust-through warranty.**

Advanced Safety.

Every Skylark gives you the smooth-stopping control of anti-lock brakes, and the security of power door locks.

Powerful Performance.

The standard fuel-injected 3300 V6

in the Skylark GS delivers 160 horsepower and 185 foot-pounds of torque for smooth, confident power.

For more information on our latest work of art, call 1-800-435-5552.

Or better yet,

visit your Buick dealer and take a test drive.

**Standard on Skylark GS.
**See your dealer for terms of this limited warranty.



Buckle up, America!
©1991 GM Corp. All rights reserved.
Skylark is a registered trademark of GM Corp.

At your next party, don't be surprised if the host takes up a collection.



This holiday season, when you're asked for your car keys at the door, turn them over. And if no one offers to collect them, ask the host to hold yours.

Because after a couple of glasses of holiday cheer, you probably won't be the best judge of whether or not you're sober enough to drive. Getting that second, and sober, opinion just plain makes good sense.

For more tips on being a responsible host and a safe driver, see your Allstate agent for a free brochure.

Or write Allstate, Dept. 200, P.O. Box 7660, Mt. Prospect, IL 60056-9961. And please don't drive under the influence. That's the best way of ensuring you have a jolly holiday. And many more happy new years.

A member of the
Sears Financial Network

Allstate
You're in good hands.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

COVER STORIES

62 RELIGION:

Thoroughly Modern Mary

The mother of Jesus draws new devotees
—and inspires a theological tug-of-war
Lance Morrow on Miracles
Are they real events or hallucinations?

18 NATION:

No-Go from Mario

Why Cuomo bowed out of the race

Clinton: On Top for Now

Will he blow his lead by being smug?

Home for the Holidays

A family gets a place of its own

26 WORLD:

Unmerry Christmas

Russians prepare to ride out famine

Shock of Recognition

Germany prods E.C. to act on Croatia

Reprieve for Catholics

Mexico moves to lift anticlerical laws

34 IMAGES:

A Turbulent Year in Pictures

War, upheaval, a planetary neighbor and a man from the 3rd millennium B.C.

56 BUSINESS:

GM Cuts to the Bone

Closing plants and slashing workers are the price of survival

A Deal B.C.C.I. Couldn't Refuse

The corrupt bank pleads guilty and forfeits \$550 million

ETHICS After demanding her privacy, Willie Smith's accuser goes public 61

HEALTH The high cost of pooch medicine 61

CINEMA For most new Christmas movies, 'tis the season to be solemn 70

SCIENCE How to make atoms jump through hoops 75

LIVING Throwing a party? Why not in the bathroom? 79

BOOKS Lyndon Johnson: the bully with a cause 80

MUSIC Wonder of wonders: a new opera with popular appeal 82

ESSAY Charles Krauthammer on the Great Depression of the psyche 83

DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS 8

CRITICS' VOICES 12

COVER Detail of Raphael's *Madonna del Granduca* from Scala/Art Resource N.Y.

GRAPEVINE 17

MILESTONES 72

PEOPLE 81



62 / NEW VIEWS OF THE VIRGIN MARY



18 / NEW FRONT RUNNER



34 / THE OPENING SALVO

TIME (ISSN 0040-781X) is published weekly for \$61.88 per year, by The Time Inc. Magazine Company. Principal Office: Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020-1393. Registered at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. © 1991 The Time Inc. Magazine Company. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. TIME and the Red Border Design are protected through trademark registration in the United States and in the foreign countries where TIME magazine circulates. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to TIME, P.O. Box 30601, Tampa, Fla. 33630-0601. For subscription queries, call Customer Service at 1-800-843-TIME (84633). □ □ □ □

FROM THE MANAGING EDITOR

Producing TIME is a little like running a marathon every week. For instance: it's blazing a clear trail through the ethical questions surrounding Patricia Bowman's decision to reveal her identity as William Kennedy Smith's accuser. And it's searching through the cheers and tears of audiences for the next movie hit of this holiday season. It's a physically exhausting but exhilarating race to keep on top of the news and issues that animate the world around us, and to get the results to press on time.

So we're lucky to have someone like Oliver Knowlton, TIME's editorial operations director, to keep the pace. An avid runner (he logs 70 miles a week and has competed in 12 marathons; best time: 2:30:16), Oliver is the keeper of THE SCHEDULE—a color-coded flow chart that tells our editors, writers, art directors and designers when their individual tasks should be complete each week. But the world of journalism has a funny habit of not cooperating with anybody's flow charts. As a result, for the past 15 months—through Desert Storm and the Soviet coup—it's been Oliver's responsibility to ensure that



Editorial operations director Knowlton takes a breather

"I walk a beat, talking to editors, checking in with the art department, seeing where the snags are."

no matter what, the magazine gets to the printers on time.

It's the kind of work that requires this father of two to be part policeman, part troubleshooter, part juggler and very much a diplomat. "I walk a beat," Oliver explains, "talking to editors, checking in with the art department, seeing where the snags are in the week's flow." If a late-breaking story requires us to work on some pages later than usual, he makes certain that others are finished ahead of time so the magazine closes on schedule.

Oliver has shown that rare ability to stick to a schedule in his own life as well. After graduating from Kenyon College with an English major in 1980, he started working for a Pennsylvania company that printed many different magazines, including TIME. He proceeded to work his way up the paper trail from printer to engraver to plant operations manager, finally joining the editorial ranks in 1990. That kind of perseverance, plus the good-humored but relentless way he hounds us toward our deadlines each week, is one reason we somehow win the news marathon 52 times a year.

By Oliver

What does it take to be "The World's Best Aerobic Exerciser"™?

It takes a total-body exerciser.

A machine capable of exercising all the major muscle groups in your body, not simply your legs like treadmills, exercise bikes and stairclimbers.

It takes a cardiovascular exerciser.

A machine that utilizes enough muscle mass to readily exercise your heart, not simply specific muscle groups like weight machines.

It takes a weight-bearing exerciser.

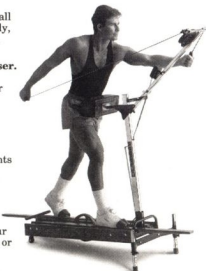
A machine that utilizes the standing position to exercise the joints and long bones of the skeleton, not simply a few muscle groups like sit-down exercisers.

It takes a safe exerciser.

A machine that can't damage your knees like stairclimbers, or your back like hydraulic cylinder rowers, or throw you off like treadmills.

It takes a stimulating exerciser.

A machine that's exciting and recreational to use, not monotonous and repetitive like so many other machines on the market.



**It takes a NordicTrack.
Exercise machines don't get
any better than this.**

*Independently Adjustable
Upper-Body Exerciser*

Electronic Feedback

Stand-up Position

*Independently Adjustable
Lower-Body Exerciser*

Non-Jarring Motion

Smooth, Quiet Operation

Adjustable Elevation

Patented Flywheel

**Call today for a 30-day
in-home trial!**

NordicTrack
A CML Company

Call or Write for a
FREE VIDEO
& Brochure

1-800-328-5888 EXT. 57611

NordicTrack, Dept #37611,
141C Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318
©1991 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company. All rights reserved.

**WHAT WILL YOU REMEMBER MOST ABOUT 1991...
DESERT STORM, MAGIC JOHNSON,
THE SOVIET COLLAPSE, CLARENCE THOMAS?**

208-PAGE
HARDCOVER BOOK

TIME
ANNUAL

1991

A Year in Review



**1991—A YEAR OF LANDMARK
EVENTS AND UNFORGETTABLE PEOPLE.**

We saw America win a war and the Soviets lose a nation. We judged Clarence Thomas and lauded Magic Johnson. We looked back 50 years to Pearl Harbor. We even celebrated number eight with Liz.

1991 was indeed a year that changed all our lives. And now the Editors of TIME have made sure you can preserve and remember it, with the 1991 TIME Annual.

**NEW MAPS, NEW PHOTOS,
NEW PERSPECTIVES, NEW FUN—
A BOOK TO READ, SHARE AND KEEP.**

Your 1991 TIME Annual is a word and picture classic you'll love. A review of Desert Storm. A definitive map of a changed world. New photos of people as they were, and events as they happened. And new commentary on what it all means. Plus section after colorful section on the year's outstanding movies and fascinating celebrities...sports highlights, books, music and more.

You'll read and reread this Collector's hardcover book, and your family will treasure it forever.

ACT NOW.

The 1991 TIME Annual is not widely available. To get yours, just return the postage-paid card, or the coupon below. For even faster service, call

1-800-242-6882

TOLL-FREE.

Please mail this coupon to:
Time-Life Books, 1450 E. Parham Road, Richmond, Va. 23260-9983

**YES, please send me the 1991 TIME Annual
and bill me \$19.95 plus shipping and handling.**

☐ CHECK ENCLOSED (MAKE PAYABLE TO TIME MAGAZINE)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

FOR CREDIT CARD SERVICE CALL

1-800-242-6882

PLEASE ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

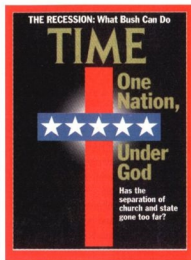
1WAF1

LETTERS

ONE NATION, UNDER GOD

"God is being extremely patient with America."

Joseph M. Griska
Watertown, Conn.



You ask if the separation of church and state has gone too far [SOCIETY, Dec. 9]. Never in human history has the separation of church and state gone far enough.

William Woodruff
Pasadena, Calif.

Congratulations on presenting a highly controversial subject in a truly unbiased yet meaningful way. The spirit in which our Constitution was written was based upon Christian principles and values. This is our heritage as Americans, and the foundation for all the progress this nation has enjoyed over the past 200 years.

Linda Cooper
Maui, Hawaii

Religion was one of the driving forces of early America. The majority of people who came to the U.S. in the past two centuries came with a Judeo-Christian background. Is it strange then that Judaism and Christianity are the prevalent forms of religion? In this country, I have a choice to worship or not. I know I'd rather have God watching over me than Big Brother.

Linda Quale
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Your story states, "It falls to the courts to find a way to preserve freedom of conscience while protecting individuals from

the imposition of other people's beliefs," as if this were a great challenge. The way is neutrality. The government, at all levels, must step back from individual conscience.

Dan Barker
Madison, Wis.

My God is not affiliated with the symbol of the cross on your cover. You seem to define the U.S. as one nation, under your God. This is exactly the point in the battle of separation of church and state.

Joy Koesten
Overland Park, Kans.

As a high school student, I find it amazing to see how God is prohibited in our schools but distributing condoms is accepted. Maybe the children and teenagers of today need something to believe in.

Georgia Perris
New York City

Many of us have been able to live happy, well-adjusted and productive lives without the help of any religious beliefs. For us, the constitutional guarantee of freedom of religion means freedom from religion. We resent it when our government institutionalizes religious practices in our daily lives (school prayer) or allows its policies to be unduly influenced by religious beliefs (abortion).

Rudolf Ohlenmütz
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Campaign Attack Ads

Charles Krauthammer's "Why Americans Hate Politicians," on the impact of negative political ads, offers great insight into our system [ESSAY, Dec. 9]. Perhaps the bad feelings that negative ads generate have contributed to the nation's present state of malaise. The time has come for all parties to pick up their shovels and remove the mud piles once and for all.

David A. Wilson
Nutley, N.J.

We who support limits on the terms of office for elected officials are not trying to make government more effective. We are trying to regain control of it!

Albert C. Osborn
Miami

Bomb Shelters for the Elect

Thanks to Ted Gup for his article on the doomsday hideaway designed to protect the President and others in case of nuclear war [NATION, Dec. 9]. Gup brought to our attention the insignificant value placed upon our lives by elected officials. As far as I can tell, the only thing that this facility accomplishes is spending more money that Americans cannot afford.

Jennifer Gillison
Washington, Mo.

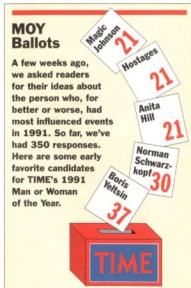
Rich Kid

Something made me feel uncomfortable while reading about so-called budding megastar child actor Macaulay Culkin [SHOW BUSINESS, Dec. 9]. Culkin and his agent dad have already pocketed more money than the butcher, baker, candlestick maker, policeman, teacher or even Congressman will make in a lifetime! There certainly must be something wrong in our society when an 11-year-old can earn so much money so fast!

William Yates
Boynton Beach, Fla.

Correction

Our report on self-help guru John Bradshaw contained an inaccurate reference to his grandfather and mother [PROFILE, Nov. 25]. Bradshaw believes that his GREAT-grandfather violated his own daughter, who is Bradshaw's GRANDmother.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to:

TIME Magazine Letters
Time & Life Building • Rockefeller Center
New York, New York 10020
Fax number: (212) 522-0601

Letters should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone, and may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

Subscription Renewals? Gift Subscriptions? Address Changes?

TIME

is ready to make time for you.

Call toll-free

1-800-843-TIME

Quality is Job 1.SM

**"If it's not tight,
it's not right."**

Peter Almanza, Body Prep Supervisor,
Ford employee for 30 years.

Profile in Quality #23: Diligence

Before the paint,
before the engine,
before the interiors
— Peter Almanza
makes sure that
every car body that
leaves his area is
tightened to its
precise specification.

Peter is one
of over 366,000
Ford people
worldwide who
are committed to
making quality
Job 1.

**Our goal is to build
the highest quality
cars and trucks
in the world.**



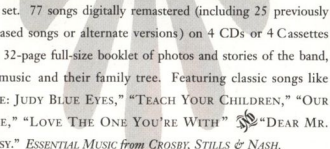
Ford Motor Company

FORD, MERCURY, LINCOLN, FORD TRUCKS

Buckle up—Together we can save lives.

Always insist on genuine Ford Motor Company collision repair parts.

Since their beginning, Crosby, Stills & Nash have consistently created music that moves and inspires us. Their songs have chronicled major changes in our lives and become cornerstones of our culture. Now, all of their finest moments are available in one deluxe



©1991 Atlantic Recording Corp.

General Manager: James F. Leary
Consumer Marketing Directors: David Gitow
Production Director: Brian F. O'Leary
Business Manager: A. P. Guffy
Communications Director: Jennifer Hillings Epstein

If You're a TIME Subscriber, It's a Sign of Great Things to Come



The logo above is the symbol of a unique program we've created exclusively for our subscribers... TIME PLUS. This exciting addition to your subscription offers you rewards, benefits, privileges... and an insider's view into the world of TIME. Here are some of the great things coming your way...

- Exclusive publications that provide an inside look at the stories making news.
- Exceptional values and unique merchandise offers.
- Subscriber-only surveys and sweepstakes.
- Unsurpassed customer service.

Watch your mail for TIME PLUS... and then watch the value of your subscription add up!

CRITICS' VOICES

BY TIME'S REVIEWERS/Compiled by Linda Williams



MOVIES

HOOK. In this bloated fantasy, a middle-aged Peter Pan (Robin Williams) regains his youth battling a drawing Captain Hook (Dustin Hoffman). Steven Spielberg's zillionth reworking of his lost-children theme is a Spruce Goose of a movie: so big, so long, so pretty... it just can't fly.

STAR TREK VI: THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY. The unseen star of this instant smash is Mikhail Gorbachev: his overtures to peace some years back inspired a parable of détente involving the *Enterprise* guys and the evil Klingon empire. Though William Shatner & Co. claim that this is the saga's last chapter, we'll bet they keep going until Willard Scott is wishing them all happy birthday. That would be about 1994.

MY FATHER IS COMING.

A middle-aged German (Alfred Edel) visits his renegade daughter in New York City and falls in with a liberated stripper (Annie Sprinkle, the porn star and performance artist). Monika Treut's rambling comedy could use more of the city's

notorious juice and danger; her Manhattan is as drab as a Third World amusement park.



TELEVISION

ENTERTAINERS '91: THE TOP 20 OF THE YEAR (ABC, Dec. 26, 8 p.m. EST). Those old rivals, the broadcast networks and cable, seem to be getting pretty cozy. This year-end special, with host Dennis Miller, has been produced for ABC by E! Entertainment Television. If you can't beat 'em...

THE KENNEDY CENTER HONORS (CBS, Dec. 26, 9 p.m. EST). Washington's black-tie crowd pays tribute to another passel of show-business greats. This year's honorees are Gregory Peck, Roy Acuff, Broadway and film veterans Betty Comden and Adolph Green, the dancing Nicholas Brothers and choral director Robert Shaw.

ASPEN (PBS, Dec. 30, 9 p.m. on most stations). Frederick Wiseman, the no-frills documentarian who has explored everything from hospitals to animal laboratories, gets a rare dose of fresh air in this 2½-hr. look at the trendy Colorado retreat.



MUSIC

THE CHIEFTAINS: THE BELLS OF DUBLIN (RCA Victor). Is it too late for season's greetings? Not when they're as enterprising and altogether buoyant as this collection of Christmas songs by the great Irish traditional band, who augment their fiddles, harpsichord and Uilleann Pipes with solo accompaniment by such diverse characters as Elvis Costello, Rickie Lee Jones and Marianne Faithfull. A real Christmas treat!

ENYA: SHEPHERD MOONS (Reprise). Gaelic music of a different sort. Enya sounds like Sinéad O'Connor after an overdose of chill pills; her songs seem, at first hearing, like the ideal background for stores that sell granola and wind chimes. But hang in. Enya mixes New Age with space age and Irish mysticism, and there is supple witchery here.

STRIKE UP THE BAND (Nonesuch/Elektra). This Gershwin pseudo-operaetta folded in tryouts in 1927 despite such standards as *The Man I Love* and the title song. Radically reconceived in 1930, it then featured *I've Got a Crush on You* and still funny satirical ditties. Neither book is good enough to hold the stage these days, but both scores are meticulously sung in a new recording, invaluable to musical buffs. A high spot: tap numbers that capture the clatter and swish of each individual shoe.



THEATER

PETER PAN. Critics scoffed when ex-gymnast Cathy Rigby dared to take on Mary Martin's showcase role, but she has proved herself a worthy successor—on national tour and, for two holiday seasons, on Broadway. The special effects will never compare with *Hook*, but the

storytelling is sweeter and more fun.

TWO SHAKESPEAREAN ACTORS. London loved U.S. writer Richard Nelson's semitrue story about rival Macbeths who sparked an 1849 New York City riot. For the Broadway staging, now in previews, Brian Bedford and Victor Garber play the duo, one British and one American, one declamatory and the other psychological in style.



BOOKS

WOMEN ON TOP by Nancy Friday (Simon & Schuster; \$22). In reviewing the responses to her latest questionnaire, Friday discovered that women are undergoing another sexual revolution. She notes that at the time of her 1973 tome, *My Secret Garden*, women fantasized about submission and about being victims of rape and other sexual offenses. Now they dream of being aggressors, and are "on top" in sexual posture and every other way.

COMPLETELY MAD by Maria Reidelbach (Little, Brown; \$39.95). For almost 40 years, American adolescence has been incomplete without a case of acne or a subscription to *Mad* magazine. This bright chronicle explains why the latter, at least, is true. While Alfred E. ("What—Me Worry?") Neuman has watched two generations age, the sophomore magazine has made the best of what its creator considered "a corrupt society."

FALSE GLORY: THE STEVE CLAYTON STORY by Steve Courson and Lee R. Schreiber (Longmeadow Press; \$19.95). The former Steelers offensive lineman teams up with a brilliant rookie biographer for an exposé of the unforgiving world of professional football and the body-bulking football that helped Courson get to the top of the heap before side effects left him in desperate need of a heart transplant.

BELLES OF THE BLUES

Those ubiquitous CD box sets are not only a wildly successful marketing tool, they can also be a true boon to music lovers—provided the artist is worthy of such enshrinement. Consider the recent compilations of two of the century's most formative singers. **BESSIE SMITH: THE COMPLETE RECORDINGS VOL. 2** (Columbia/Legacy) showcases this humungous godmother of the blues in full cry, scorching the earth with *New Gulf Coast Blues* and *Dixie Flyer Blues*, marvelously backed by the likes of Louis Armstrong and Fletcher Henderson. **BILLIE HOLIDAY: THE LEGACY (1933-1958)** (Columbia) is a shrewdly chosen 70-cut package from her fecund Columbia years, bound to urge anyone with ears on to the complete—and completely indispensable—Columbia recordings (available on nine separate CDs). **BILLIE HOLIDAY: THE COMPLETE DECCA RECORDINGS** (GRP) includes 50 performances from 1944 to 1950 that push Lady Day toward pop but still keep her sensuality and edge of danger.



The year was ending.
The night was just beginning.
And the martini made
the moment last forever.

It was a new age.

The Twenties were roaring in. The sorrows of World War I forgotten, pleasure was paramount, joy was rampant. And in this time of unbridled optimism, the holidays were even more festive.

Couples danced the night away to 40-piece orchestras in ballrooms that were truly grand, or in swank nightclubs to the radical new sound of jazz.

It was a time when every gentleman wore a tuxedo and every gown was one of a kind.

And a time when, no matter what the attire, the martini was considered the perfect accessory. A perfect blend of London Dry Gin and French vermouth. Shaken or stirred, but never compromised.

It was the cocktail that perfectly epitomized the times. Romantic. Genuine. Distinct. Like all truly great things from the past, the martini is back. And with it, the martini gin.

Gilbey's. Back in style. Just like the people of style who drink it.



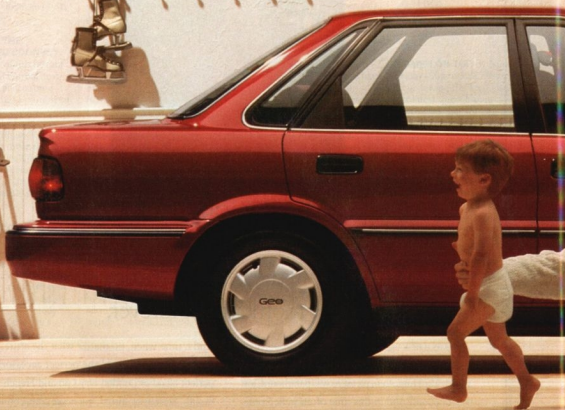
Gilbey's. The Authentic Gin.

Overpro

Scotchgard™ Fabric Protector
On Seats And Doors.
See Spot. See Spot Go.

Power Front Disc Brakes.
To Keep Me From Slipping Up.

16-Valve Dual Overhead Cam
Engine With Multi-Port Fuel Injection.



Okay, okay. You only want what's best for the ones you love. And sometimes you overdo it. Well, meet your match: the 1992 Geo Prizm. Inside and out, Prizm's got you covered with a 3-year/36,000-

mile no-deductible warranty and 24-hour Roadside Assistance Program. And because there's strength in numbers, Prizm gives you a 16-valve twin cam engine, 4-wheel independent suspension and room for five.

• Geo Prizm LSi • 16-Valve Dual Overhead C

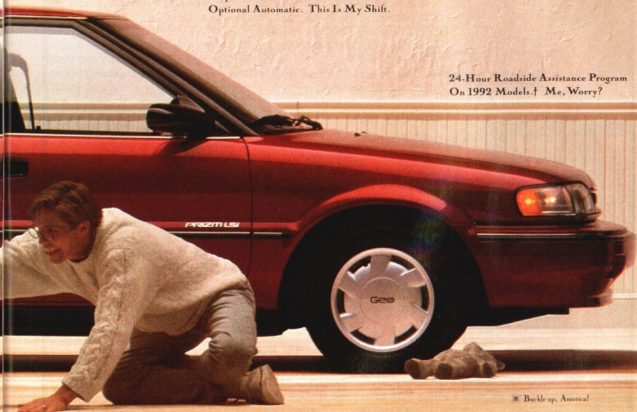
tective.

3-Year/36,000-Mile Bumper To
Bumper Plus Warranty With No
Deductible on 1992 Models.*

Storage Bins. Personally,
I Think They're Neat.

5-Speed Manual With Overdrive Or
Optional Automatic. This Is My Shift.

24-Hour Roadside Assistance Program
On 1992 Models.† Me, Worry?



® Buckle up, America!

So be careful out there. Get to know
Geo Prizm.

*See your Chevrolet/Geo dealer for terms of this limited warranty. †See
your Chevrolet/Geo dealer for details. Geo, the Geo emblem and Chevrolet
are registered trademarks and Prizm is a trademark of the GM Corp.

©1991 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved.



am Engine • 5-Speed Manual With Overdrive •

SORTING Garbage is Not Recycling.

This nation has begun to embrace the idea of sorting its trash and putting it into various recycling bins. But the "cycle" in recycling only comes when we find ways to put that trash back to good use—when we *re-use* what we *sort*.

Of all the stuff we throw out, about 40 percent is some kind of paper product. (That may seem like a lot, but think back over just the last week: you probably threw out a week's worth of newspapers, a few catalogs, a couple of brochures and lots of packaging). Week after week it starts to add up, and all that paper amounted to 72 million tons in 1990 alone. Our existing municipal landfills can't take that kind of garbage anymore.

At Champion, we're responding to the landfill problem by reclaiming some of that waste paper and converting it into new paper products. New papers for labels and envelopes, for example, and brochures and catalogs. Even fine

printing and writing papers. All told, we and our fellow paper manufacturers currently manage to recover for recycling (both here and abroad) about one-third of all the paper consumed in the United States. And we are committed to increasing that amount to 40 percent over the next four years.

Can the solid waste crisis be solved by recycling? No, not by recycling alone. Other alternatives can and must include source reduction, composting, and incineration—in addition to landfilling. Each avenue has its pluses and minuses and the long-term solution will be some thoughtful utilization of all these alternatives.

In the meantime, we all need to respond to the problem at hand by sorting our trash and reclaiming as much as we can. And if using recycled paper products makes sense to you, we can provide a range of products that makes sense for all of us.



FOR INFORMATION ABOUT RECYCLED PAPERS, WRITE TO:
Recycled Alternatives, Champion International Corporation,
One Champion Plaza, Stamford, CT 06921



©1991 C.I.C.

GRAPEVINE

By DAVID ELLIS/Reported by Wendy Cole

A MAN OF THE PEOPLE?

The Bush Administration has assigned **DAN QUAYLE** the task of leading the counterattack on the pit-bull candidacy of **PAT BUCHANAN**. The Vice President will visit New Hampshire three times before the Feb. 18 primary in an effort to convince voters that his boss hasn't abandoned the conservative creed. Secret Service agents will scout out bowling alleys and shopping malls where Quayle plans to make "spontaneous" stops to assert that the President understands the fears of middle-class Americans. Besides Buchanan, Quayle faces another nemesis: himself. A new poll indicates that 77% of New Hampshire Republicans would rather vote for someone else as Bush's running mate next year.



Quayle will hit the hustings again

IF THEY WORK FOR ME, MAYBE THEY'LL VOTE FOR ME

Faced with the lowest approval ratings of his presidency, George Bush is courting the female vote for 1992. One sign: he is thinking of packing the Cabinet with women. Joining **LYNN MARTIN** (Labor) and **CARLA HILLS** (Trade) may be **BARBARA FRANKLIN**, a management consultant, slated for Commerce. **WENDY GRAMM**, head of the Commodity Futures Trading Commission, might take over at Transportation. "It would be the first time a President has four women in his Cabinet," exults a Bush adviser. "It's our new campaign strategy."



On deck: Franklin and Gramm

HE DOESN'T NEED THE ATTENTION

The spotlight is getting to be a bit too bright for **JOHN F. KENNEDY JR.** The son of the slain President is telling visitors to his modest New York City studio apartment that he resisted making a high-profile show of solidarity at cousin Willie's rape trial, but he bowed to family pressure and spent some uncomfortable time in the courtroom. He is also very upset that his father's brutal assassination is being re-examined with the release of Oliver Stone's controversial *JFK*. "Maybe I'll just have to leave town," says the 31-year-old Manhattan assistant district attorney with a sigh.

HE'S UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS AGAIN

SADDAM HUSSEIN'S talent for survival is surpassed only by his insouciance in the face of global condemnation. The Iraqi dictator has set up an arms-manufacturing and -acquisition operation in Tunisia, according to *Africa Confidential*, a respected newsletter published in Britain. State Department officials say they have proof that Saddam is using the North African republic as a clearinghouse for black-market weapons purchases to confound the United Nations team monitoring Iraq's chemical- and nuclear-arms program.

SORRY, SENATOR, I'M TAKING THE DADDY TRACK

Tim Rafitis, the campaign director for Democratic presidential candidate **TOM HARKIN**, has a management style that owes more to Robert Bly than to Lee Atwater. Last week Rafitis, 32, abruptly left the campaign trail. Reason: his wife gave birth to a boy, and the 32-year-old strategist wanted to help out at home.

THE LOW COST OF GETTING HIGH

Upset about skyrocketing marijuana prices in the U.S., which range to \$800 per oz.? Then book a flight to Czechoslovakia. A garden-supply chain in Prague is selling 1-lb. packages of pot imported from neighboring Romania for the equivalent of just 85¢. According to the manager of the state-owned company, the weed is an effective "fertilizer." Thanks to the country's confused post-communist legal system, it is not against the law just to purchase the "fertilizer." When the product's availability was disclosed in the Czechoslovak weekly *Mladý Svět*, dozens of Prague teenagers developed a sudden interest in gardening.

VOX POP

Should school health clinics provide students with contraceptives?

Yes 56% No 38%

Would distributing condoms in school contribute to greater promiscuity?

Yes 41% No 54%

From a telephone poll of 750 American adults taken for TIME/CNN on Dec. 17-19 by Tomaskovich Quincy Shulman. Sampling error is plus or minus 3.6%. "Not sure" omitted.



John Jr. and Willie: all in the family



In Prague it's cheap at twice the price

TIME/DECEMBER 30, 1991

POLITICS

At Last: A No-Go From Mario

Why the New York Governor toyed with Democratic hopes and G.O.P. fears for 10 tortured weeks, then finally rode off with an emphatic "Fuhgedaboudit!"

By MICHAEL KRAMER

What happened? He had communed with himself for 70 days, exposing his innermost calculations in near hourly briefings to anyone who cared. He had authorized the gathering of troops and moneymen. He had signed the legal papers and glowed as expectations soared. Everything and everyone was ready. And then, at the eleventh hour, with political junkies and hopeful Democrats in a state of emotional exhaustion, Mario Cuomo said, "Nah, not this time either."

Such as it was, the Governor's thinking had less to do with politics than with his self-image, with his concern that a giant poised to lead a crusade might ultimately appear small and personally ambitious. Strange thoughts for a politician. Par for the course for Mario Cuomo.

More than anything, a trial lawyer fears being unprepared. And more than anything, Mario Cuomo remains a trial lawyer. "You've got to know your brief 110%," Cuomo explained several years back. "Unless I know it all better than anyone, my performance is flat. I may never get the questions that expose my weaknesses, but

if I know they're there, waiting to be discovered, then I can be as mediocre as anyone. So I have to know it all. I never pretend. I'm too afraid of making a mistake."

The last time Cuomo declined to run for President, back in 1987, he had been studying nonstop for months. In a hotel room in New Orleans on Feb. 16, he was trying his best to get a handle on U.S. farm policy. "Does anyone really understand this stuff?" he wondered. "What happens when I have to be cogent on parity or price supports? You remember what happened to Gerry?" Cuomo's reference was to Geraldine Ferraro, who confused an arcane bit of nuclear-war fighting strategy—the difference between "first use" and "first strike"—during her unsuccessful 1984 vice-presidential race. "The worst thing that can happen to you in this business is the same as the worst thing that can happen in the law," said Cuomo. "You're made to look foolish." Three days later, Cuomo shied away from the 1988 presidential race.

Earlier this year, Cuomo again confronted his fear that he wasn't fully prepared. He blundered by suggesting that the U.S. consider a negotiated settlement to the gulf crisis that could have left Iraq with some Kuwaiti territory and oil. But the real

obstacle this time was a different worry. On one level it was as the Governor stated: he had—and has—an obligation to resolve New York's fiscal crisis. At another level it was politics, pure and simple. Cuomo knew what an aide to George Bush confided only a few hours before the Governor announced that he would not run in 1992: "We don't want to face Mario. But if he goes, the Republicans in Albany will tie him up for months. His budget will never be resolved, and he'll look like he's put his personal desire for the presidency before his public responsibility. It'll kill him."

That Republican "got it right," says a Cuomo adviser. "Mario would have tortured himself about appearing to abdicate his first obligation. He would have seen himself as small and petty. That's really why he decided not to run, but he had to look deep inside to figure it out."

At the end, the decision was Cuomo's alone. After working with the Governor for four hours last Friday morning, Cuomo's top assistant, Andrew Zambelli, told a colleague, "You'd think that I, as the chief of staff, would know if the Governor were going to run for President. But you'd be wrong." A few days before, Cuomo's political advisers, sticklers for order and slaves to



ALAN GERSHORN—AP/WIDEWORLD

planning, had connived to convince their man that they, at least, had to know his plans 36 hours before the 5 p.m. New Hampshire primary filing deadline. Their ace, they thought, was Cuomo's personal frugality. Chartering a press plane to accompany the Governor for the symbolic trip to New Hampshire's capital costs real money. Why part with the cash if Cuomo was going to say no? But Cuomo was unmoved. "It's only money," said the Governor uncharacteristically, "and timing is everything. It would be silly to make a decision before you have to." At a loss for guidance, the advisers prudently got the plane.

What might have been? Using his words as fists, Cuomo offered a brief foretaste several days before he bowed out. Calling Bush's economic prescriptions a "fraud" and a "phony," the Governor stared straight into a television camera and challenged the President: "You want to talk about what you call the 'New York nightmare,'" said Cuomo. "I'll meet you anytime, anywhere. You can have all the memos and all the aides with you that you want. I'll come alone without a note."

The same combative spirit and sense of command was evident during the question period following Cuomo's somber announcement of noncandidacy. In a spell-binding, extemporaneous critique that spared no one, Republican or Democrat, Cuomo began softly, "Especially this year, the message is [most] important . . . But it must be a responsible, complete, persuasive one. You can't and shouldn't win with a slogan. You're going to have to earn the presidency . . . with plans that are real. I don't believe we've done that yet."

"It's easy to criticize," Cuomo continued, warming to his indictment. "You want the criticism, I'll give it to you in one line: 'Is your life better today than it was four years ago?'" The answer is so dramatically clear that the contest is over. But you shouldn't win because he loses. You should win because you're right. You need specific answers, not sweet speeches. You need to say how you're going to put [people] to work, and the hard part, how you're going to pay for it. What we need is a dose of plain truth."

What now? Cuomo's fans see none of the six major candidates emerging decisively. They hope for a fractured result and dream of a second season, when Cuomo enters late or is drafted at the July convention in New York City. "It doesn't work that way," says Cuomo, being more truthful than modest. Well, what about 1996, when Cuomo, who is now 59, will still be six years younger than Ronald Reagan was on Inauguration Day 1981? In politics, says Cuomo, 1996 "is an eon away, perhaps an eon and a quarter." Of course, it is really only four years away, and unless Bush or his successor gets a grip on the nation's problems, well, who knows?

Meanwhile the race for the Democratic nomination is now truly wide open. ■



Bill Clinton: Front Runner By Default

By MARGARET CARLSON LITTLE ROCK

Bill Clinton has the unlined, open face of a man who has had it too easy. True, his father died before he was born, and he grew up poor in the southwest Arkansas town of Hope (pop. 10,000). But Clinton was Hope's Doogie Howser, succeeding at everything he tried, the darling of his teachers and one of the first from the area to go to college. He got his bachelor's degree at Georgetown University, won a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford, then went on to Yale Law School, where he met his wife Hillary. By 1979, 32 years old and back in Arkansas, he was the youngest Governor in the country.

Two years later, Clinton was the youngest ex-Governor in the country. In Pea Ridge and the Ozarks, the voters resented the notion that this whiz kid had returned home to put shoes on everybody and introduce them to book learning. Says Carrick Patterson, former editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*: "They thought he had gotten too big for his britches." Clinton admits that he took too much for granted. He hiked license-tag fees. The fact that his wife used her maiden name and that the family was not a member of any organized religion did not help either.

By 1982 Hillary Rodham was answering to Hillary Clinton and the family was worshipping regularly at Little Rock's Immanuel Baptist Church. But mostly Clinton was two years older and chastened. He was re-elected, with 55% of the vote.

Are things once again going too smoothly for Clinton? At 45, he has a decade in the statehouse behind him. After Mario

Pitching in for charity in New Hampshire last week: The worst thing that can happen is to be too far ahead too soon



Before the first TV debate, Clinton greets his rivals (from left, Bob Kerrey, Paul Tsongas, Tom Harkin, Jerry Brown and Doug Wilder): He was acting like Jeopardy's champ while they played Let's Make a Deal

Cuomo took himself out of the race for the White House, Clinton became his party's media-anointed front runner. He may soon discover that the worst thing that can happen to a candidate is to be too far ahead too soon. The political press corps, which prides itself on how quickly it can knock the stuffing out of those who would run for President, has gone into a deep swoon over his candidacy, from which it will sooner or later recover. For the moment, reporters seem entranced by Clinton's persona: a good-government geek saved by a self-deprecating sense of humor. As chairman of the Democratic Leadership Council, a group that wants to yank the party back to the center, Clinton's idea of a well-spent weekend is one given to working on welfare and education reform. Yet when he was introduced at a forum in New Hampshire as the smartest of the candidates, he quipped, "Isn't that a little like calling Moe the most intelligent of the Three Stooges?"

Last summer, when rumors swirled about Clinton's alleged extramarital affairs, some reporters thought they might have another Gary Hart in their sights. But Clinton smoothly deflected the inevitable "have you ever" question at a Washington breakfast meeting with journalists. With Hillary sitting next to him pushing scrambled eggs around her plate, he said their 16-year marriage, like others, had had its ups and downs, but "we believe in our obligation to each other." So far, an army of reporters has failed to uncover a smoking bimbo.

In the first televised debate among the candidates, Clinton acted as though he were the returning champion on *Jeopardy* while the others, especially Jerry Brown, behaved as if they were on *Let's Make a Deal*. Clinton, seated on the end, maintained an air of detachment, speaking only when called upon by quizmaster Tom Brokaw. He managed to squeeze in concern for the middle class about as often as Bob Kerrey referred to his war record.

Unlike many Southern pols, Clinton does not have a Velcro personality, attaching country ways at home, then peeling them away in the fund-raising parlors of Norman Lear and Pamela Harriman. He makes \$35,000 a year (supplemented by his wife's salary as a lawyer). He helps his daughter Chelsea, 11, with algebra by fax from the road. He is passionate about crossword puzzles, and golfs and vacations every year with a group of close friends in South Carolina. He has been wearing off-the-rack clothes since the word got out that one of his suits cost \$800.

When Clinton is not playing it safe, his personality is a pole away from Michael Dukakis: he looks happy at the risk of seeming insufficiently serious. His version of a campaign handshake ranges from a bear hug to a full body slam. As he plays host at yet another fund raiser and poses for one more picture at a campaign breakfast with a woman dressed as if it's cocktail hour, he can be as ingratiating as a frat-house president during rush week. He told a voter during his last Governor's race, "I was afraid you might be tired of me by now." The farmer replied, "I'm not, but everybody else I know is."

The whole country got a chance to get tired of Clinton in 1988, when he glazed the eyes of the delegates at the Democratic convention by droning on for 33 minutes. The audience broke into cheers when he finally got to "In conclusion..." After Johnny Carson joked about what came to be known as "The Speech," Clinton wangled an invitation to appear on the show and play his saxophone (badly).

Now his campaign performances are polished and full of specifics. When Clinton delivered a speech at Georgetown in October, there were whoops as he lambasted the greedheads on Wall Street and the drug dealers of Mean Street, and again when he laced into George Bush for dividing the country by using the oldest tactic in the book: "You find the most economically insecure white

people, and you scare the living daylight out of them." At a fund raiser for Illinois Democrats, he showed he can make the case that America is wasting much of its young generation. "It's a long, long way in this country from me at the age of six holding my great-granddaddy's hand to a condition where children on the streets of this city don't know who their grandparents are," he said. "If we cannot make common cause with those kids, we cannot keep the American Dream alive for any of us."

As Governor, Clinton has thrown most of his effort into early-childhood intervention and education. Social Security numbers are recorded on birth certificates to help trace deadbeat fathers. He increased teachers' salaries but insisted on a controversial competency exam. Parents who don't show up at teacher meetings are fined \$50. Starting in 1993, failing students will not be allowed to get a driver's license. Clinton has expanded Head Start and launched school-based health clinics (where condoms are distributed, much to the outrage of the religious right). While other governors have taken rich states and made them poor, Clinton has taken a poor state and made it a bit richer, without crowing about an "Arkansas Miracle." Over the past decade, per capita income grew 61%. Even so, terrible poverty remains entrenched in Arkansas: the state's incomes are still about 25% below the national average.

As President, Clinton says, he would take much of what he has tried in Arkansas, add money and stir. He would reform welfare, education and health care, funding his programs with reduced defense spending and a 3% savings in administrative costs. He would increase taxes on those earning more than \$200,000. He would apply to all corporate executives a variation of the rule devised by Ben & Jerry's Homemade Ice Cream: any income above 25 times what the lowest-paid worker in a company earns would be taxed at a higher rate.

On foreign policy, the less said the better—as is true for all his Democratic rivals. Clinton has shown a little foreign policy leg on trade missions abroad, and he was the only Democratic candidate to support the Persian Gulf war unequivocally. He thinks the isolationism and protectionism being thumped by several Democrats as well as Republican Pat Buchanan are shortsighted. He prefers to move the discussion back to domestic policy as quickly as Bush gets onto a plane to avoid it. Economic growth, Clinton argues, is the solution. "The Soviet Union didn't disintegrate from attack by outside forces but from stagnation within."

On the subject of welfare, Clinton, the moderate Southerner, is yin to Cuomo's Northeastern liberal yang. In Clinton's world, there is not a program for every problem. He cut Arkansas' relief rolls 7%, and part of his platform is to restrict payments to chronic recipients. He favors cuts not only to save money but because living on the dole can instill self-destructive values. Welfare, says Clinton, "should be a second chance, not a way of life." He tells dependent mothers to stop having children if they're not prepared to support them, because "governments don't raise children, people do." A Democrat uttering such sentiments would have been drummed out of the party a few years ago, but the deepening culture of dependency has made an

emphasis on personal responsibility palatable even to liberals.

Though he has taken on the gun lobby by supporting legislation to restrict firearms and annoyed abortion activists by backing parental notification, Clinton has a reputation in Arkansas for trying to please everyone. John Brummett, a columnist in the *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette*, says Clinton's "desire to be loved is unhealthy, even for a politician." Back in office in 1983, Clinton rewarded his opponents on the right by approving home schooling and signing more than 100 corporate tax breaks.

But a mean streak, unlike happiness, is something money can buy, as Bush demonstrated when he hired Roger Ailes to de-wimp him in 1988. Clinton's hired gun is James Carville, the Democratic version of G.O.P. spin doctor Lee Atwater. Carville just helped the darkest of horses, Harris Wofford, destroy former Attorney General Dick Thornburgh's 44-point lead



and win a U.S. Senate seat from Pennsylvania.

Carville's first job may be to ward off overconfidence by spinning the candidate's own expectations lower. That will not be easy in the face of all the head-swelling raves coming in—even from Republicans. In December, Clinton was invited to breakfast by 60 California executives, several of whom had contributed as much as \$100,000 to the 1988 Bush campaign. A few are hedging their bets this time around by pledging money to Clinton.

Just before Lee Atwater died last year, he wrote in *LIFE* that he had finally discovered that "what was missing in society is what was missing in me: a little heart, a lot of brotherhood . . . I don't know who will lead us through the '90s, but they must be made to speak to this spiritual vacuum at the heart of American society, this tumor of the soul." Front runners are not generally given to such musings, which tend to come with a few lines in the face, a few more bumps in the road. The next months will tell whether Clinton is just another whiz kid turned fortysomething, bored with being Governor-for-life and looking for a bigger stage, or if he has the depth to fill the hollows in America's soul. ■

Celebrating with daughter Chelsea and wife Hillary after announcing his presidential bid: Unlike Dukakis, he looks happy at the risk of seeming insufficiently serious



The Harden-Warren clan never imagined they would have a Christmas tree this year, let alone a living room to put it in

Nation

NORTH CAROLINA

They're Home for Christmas

For one struggling family in Charlotte, fate, luck and hard work all come together at the right time to make this a holiday to remember

By MICHAEL RILEY CHARLOTTE

Brandon and Nicole Harden drew a poster together at school that captures the rough journey they have taken together this year. On one side is a picture of a skull with knives stabbing through it. "This is bad," they wrote, "so never have a bad holiday or a bad birthday or other bad days." On the flip side is a heart, a promise of better days.

A lot of good hearts have helped give the Harden children a real Christmas this year. But six months ago, when their mother Tamey left them in Poplar Bluff, Mo., to search for work elsewhere, the children wondered if the holidays would ever come again. When they joined her in Charlotte, N.C., Tamey had still not found a home. At first the clan lived in cramped motel rooms, then in a homeless shelter for families. But now Tamey, her boyfriend Bobby Warren and the children, 7 and 10, have an apartment, a tree ringed with presents, and a vision of their lives that hard work and good luck delivered just in time for Christmas.

When Tamey and Bobby set out last spring for the prosperous Sunbelt city, they hoped they could make a new life for their family. Though Bobby found a job at a local cafeteria, they lost their place to live and soon were out on the street. For a while they slept in a parking lot in their 1978 Buick LeSabre, until the police shooed them away. Then they spent some nights in Park Road Park, sneaking in about midnight after the park ranger left and departing by dawn before he returned. They hid blankets and pillows in the bushes and slept on a picnic table under a streetlight, where the mosquitoes weren't so bad. They took showers with a five-gallon water jug and washed up in the bathrooms, one standing guard for the other. Bobby shaved using the car's broken rearview mirror, and they washed clothes in the sink. "There's no reason you can't be clean if you can find a bathroom," notes Tamey. But they could improvise for only so long, and on the Fourth of July they finally hit bottom. For two days they had not eaten: after the picnicks left, they scavenged through the garbage cans for food, angry that one large

group had taken their trash with them.

"You can get down," says Bobby, "but you don't have to stay there." The next day Tamey found a job running a cash register at Hardee's. Soon they had enough money to move into some cheap motels on a seedy avenue of used-car dealerships, pawnshops and nightclubs. Within weeks they sent for the kids, who showed up the day before Nicole's 10th birthday. As she stepped out of the car at 5 a.m., Nicole took one look at the decrepit motel and asked, "Where are we going to live, Mom?" Tamey's response: "Here." Her daughter shrugged her shoulders, thinking they would move to a house the next day. "But we didn't," Nicole recalls, "because we didn't have one."

Motel life might have soured their souls. The children watched television all day, and slept on the floor or shared a single bed. They ate lunch meat from a cooler, or cooked fried chicken on some electric skillet and a hot plate they bought from a street person. Brandon once tripped over a shoe and burned his hand on hot oil in the skillet. He sobbed for an hour, but Tamey

did not think the burn was bad enough to justify calling an ambulance. She was worried about the cost.

Finally the family, unable to save enough money for a deposit on an apartment, moved into Plaza Place, emergency transitional housing for families in Charlotte. "A lot of things run through your mind when you don't have a place to live," says Tamey. "You wonder how did you get this way? How did this happen?" The kids felt the pain too. Brandon, a bright child with a sharp mind, hungered for attention and grew angry at times. Without any peers, Nicole, a pretty girl with a sweet smile and a quick wit, was adrift and alone. They had no friends, no neighborhood, no grandmother and little reason for hope.

Then the year brought its first gift: Tamey learned about A Child's Place, an innovative transitional school in downtown Charlotte that offers homeless children stability and security as well as a place to learn. The Hardens impressed executive director Debbie McKone. "I'm amazed at the elasticity of their existence," she says, "and how well they get by on what they have to get by on."

Then their good fortune multiplied. Last month an anonymous donation from a local church gave the clan enough money to rent a furnished apartment on Charlotte's southside. Nicole and Brandon still share a bed, but this time it's a double. They have enrolled at Montclair Elementary, where Nicole is turning into a math whiz. Brandon, who has befriended every kid in class, is proud of his creative writing. But he is proudest of his new home. "I have my own room, a dresser where I keep my clothes," says he. "I got blinds and a teddy bear."

The children's original Christmas tree, a dying cedar sapling adorned with construction paper ornaments, sits on the dining table. But there is a new tree in the room, an artificial one that cost a hefty \$13.99 and stands as the centerpiece of the tiny living room. Bobby's rich tenor voice bounces off the beige walls, bare except for a few Christmas decorations, in a jazzy version of *White Christmas*. "We'll have Christmas anyway. It'll be better next year," he says. The family is still only a paycheck away from homelessness, but they have acquired some valuable lessons. "I used to look at homeless people on the street and think, 'Man, what a drunk bum,'" says Bobby. "But shoot, man, you never know." It's made Nicole want to stay in school. "I should have a job," she says, "so I can grow up and be what I want to be and have a house to live in."

The Hardens, of course, are the rare exceptions to a hard rule. They are safe and together, in a place of their own. Most homeless children will spend this holiday watching TV in a shelter or a rundown motel—if they are even that lucky. When Christmas is over, there will still be no end of work to be done, and a crying need for miracles. ■

ARIZONA

One More Unlucky Star

Following a time-honored—and terrible—tradition, the Governor faces a federal lawsuit for his role in a failed S&L

The state reptile of Arizona is the ridgenosed rattlesnake, but voters might be forgiven if they occasionally confuse the reptile with some of their politicians, who have been slithering past the law since the days of Congressman Charles Poston. Known as the "Father of Arizona" for his campaign for territorial status, Poston set a bad example for later generations of politicians when he set out for Washington to claim his congressional seat in 1864 but took a scenic detour—through Panama—at a cost to taxpayers of \$7,000.

Modern times have not altered the tradition much. In the past three years, the state has seen the impeachment of Governor Evan Mecham for misuse of state funds; the arrest of seven legislators on bribery charges; allegations that Arizona's two Senators were involved in the Keating Five influence-peddling scandal; and the conviction of a prominent savings and loan chief on 17 counts of securities fraud. "It seems we have an unlucky star over our heads," said former Governor Bruce Babbitt, the state's cleanest political light. "Now we'd all like it to pass over the horizon."

Last week Republican Governor J. Fife Symington became the latest candidate for rogue in Arizona's political gallery. Symington, along with 11 other former officials of the Southwest Savings & Loan, based in Phoenix, was named in a suit filed by the Resolution Trust Corporation alleging "gross negligence" in connection with the thrift's collapse in 1989. And the FBI is conducting its own investigation into possible criminal charges relating to the thrift.

The suit focuses on seven investments made by Southwest that accounted for more than \$140 million in losses, including \$30 million-plus in the 1983 Camelback Esplanade hotel-and-office-building project. Symington, who served on Southwest's board of directors from 1972 until early 1984, was primarily a real estate developer; it was in the latter capacity that he first urged the thrift to invest in the Esplanade project. The RTC suit claims that Symington failed to get the necessary advance approval from federal agencies; that the purchase price was misrepresented to Southwest; and that the deal was unsafe and unfair to the savings association because it alone provided nearly all the money.

Symington, who won election last Feb-

ruary in large part on his record as a successful businessman, called the suit politically motivated and "pure garbage." In a point-by-point rebuttal during a 90-minute press conference in the pink stucco-and-granite Ritz-Carlton Hotel that is part of the Esplanade, Symington denied any wrongdoing and called the RTC an example of "government run amuck."

What has more Arizonans worried is that their populist political culture has run amuck. "It's the Wild West at its best," says Republican Senator Jan Brewer. "We



Symington blasts "Gestapo-like tactics and bungling"

don't stymie folks here. But that sometimes brings problems." That rugged individualism wreaked havoc in the 1980s on a state that was determined to maintain its boom economy. The fortunes that were once extracted from gold mines were now found in real estate and land development. But an economic downturn combined with a more involved electorate has brought an end to that freewheeling past.

The charges come at a particularly inopportune time for the Governor, who has watched the state's economy continue to stumble, along with his own political fortunes: one new poll placed his approval rating at 29%, down from 40% in July. "The Symington suit puts Arizona in a political holding pattern," wrote Arizona Republican columnist Keven Willey. "Seems to me we've about run out of gas. Have we crashed yet?" —By Sally B. Donnelly/Phoenix

Here's one
Bill you won't
have to pay.

Introducing
ValueCare Ownership.

Because for two years we'll take care of your new Elantra or Sonata for you. For nothing. It's called **ValueCare Ownership**.

Imagine that. Cars so well-built and backed, about all you'll pay for is gas. Because whatever needs to be done, we'll do. Just pick up your car. We'll pick up the tab. Believe it or not, this is over and above our no-deductible bumper-to-bumper and powertrain warranties.*

Now knowing all that, don't you think it would pay to find out more about these two sedans? Call 800-826-CARS for a brochure. Naturally, we're giving them away, too.

HYUNDAI



ValueCare Ownership

- Free regular maintenance including parts and labor for 2 years/24,000 miles;
- No-deductible 3 year/36,000 mile bumper-to-bumper limited warranty;
- No-deductible 5 year/60,000 mile powertrain limited warranty;
- Free 3 year/36,000 mile membership in Hyundai's Roadside Assistance Program.

Hyundai. Yes, Hyundai.

AMERICAN NOTES



Thompson: new definition of family

CONTROVERSIES

A Victory For Gay Rights

Is a lesbian couple a family? Yes, a Minnesota appeals court ruled last week in a case that has been a focus of gay-rights activism since 1984. Ordering that Karen Thompson, a physical-education professor, be granted guardianship of her brain-damaged lover Sharon Kowalski, the three-judge panel said, "Thompson and Sharon are a family of affinity, which

ought to be accorded respect."

Thompson has been fighting for custody since an auto accident left Kowalski brain damaged and quadriplegic eight years ago. Kowalski was in a nursing home under her parents' custody until 1989, when her father concluded that his heart trouble and the strain of the legal challenges prevented him from continuing as guardian. At that time

Thompson was bypassed in favor of a close family friend.

Thompson's cause won widespread support from gay-rights groups, which want homosexual partners to enjoy legal rights comparable to those of married couples. The decision, says Paula Ettelbrick, attorney with the Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund in New York City, a gay-rights group, "begins the process of recognizing that lesbian and gay couples share the kind of commitment that married couples do."

NEW ORLEANS

Mardi Gras Mess

Barely a month after blacks and whites in New Orleans banded together to defeat former Ku Klux Klan leader David Duke in the Louisiana Governor's race, the city's newfound unity has been shattered by a controversial antidiscrimination law. For more than a century, many of the elite Mardi Gras krewes, which organize colorful carnival balls and parades, have been white, all-male organizations. But in a unanimous decision last week, the city council ruled that any krewe that bars blacks, Jews or women could not only lose its parade permit but also face criminal penalties.

The law, proposed by city councilor Dorothy Mae Taylor, who is black, will not affect Mardi Gras until 1993, leaving the council committees

time to review, and possibly revise, the penalties. The legislation "could kill Mardi Gras," warns Beau Bassich, a member of the Mardi Gras Coordinating Committee. Says Loyola professor Edward Renwick: "To bring up such a divisive issue so shortly after this election seems to blow the coalition asunder. We're right back to where we started. Taylor is the Grinch who stole Mardi Gras."



Cloud over the krewes

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bonfire of The Rarities

Most artists consider the destruction of their work a tragedy. Photographer Brett Weston has always considered it a necessity. Best known for haunting semi-abstract nature studies in the tradition of his famous father Edward, Weston vowed for years to destroy his nega-

tives so that others could not make new prints from them after his death.

On his 80th birthday last week, Weston kept his vow. Surrounded by friends and family, he tossed hundreds of negatives into the living-room fireplace of his home in Carmel, Calif. Art historians and photography curators were horrified. The Center for Creative Photography, a photographic archive in Tucson, even sent a representative to Weston's

home in an unsuccessful effort to persuade him to change his mind. Weston insisted that he was merely limiting his legacy to work fashioned by his own hand.

"Nobody can print it the way I do," Weston explained. "It wouldn't be my work."



Up in smoke: Weston burns his negatives

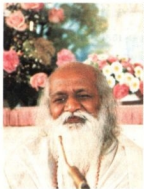
WASHINGTON

Transcendental Evacuation

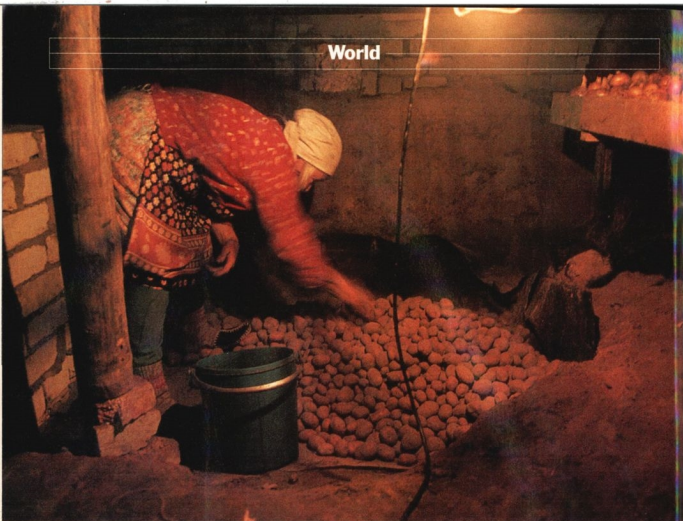
At long last it's official: Washington is a city beyond redemption. Last week, after a decade of collective meditation designed to lower the capital's crime rate and improve its quality of life, the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi has ordered his flock to give up and pull out of the place. From his European headquarters in the Netherlands, the bearded founder of the transcendental meditation movement declared, "Everyone should leave this sea of mud. People should move to a peaceful, neat, clean atmosphere." Oddly enough, the Maharishi did not include any specific references to Congress in his remarks.

In the wake of the Maharishi's pronouncement, his remaining followers put their homes on the market and

planned to move to Fairfield, Iowa, where both the organization's national office and Maharishi International University are located. City officials responded to the abandonment with a yogic equanimity worthy of the Maharishi himself. Declared a spokesman from the office of Washington's unruffled Mayor Sharon Pratt Kelly: "Peace be with them."



Frustrated guru



Comparative affluence: in the village of Bakarevo a woman checks her private supply of potatoes, onions and carrots to get through the winter

RUSSIA

Unmerry Christmas

The red flag will be lowered soon, but citizens are more preoccupied with how to repair the ruined fabric of their daily lives

By JOHN KOHAN MOSCOW

Neighbors are not happy about the barnyard noises and smells coming from the back of Alexander Torzhenko's house on a busy street in the center of the south Russian city of Krasnodar. But the elderly manual laborer and his wife Alexandra are determined not to give up the pigs or the dozen ducks they keep in two ramshackle wood shacks on their 15-sq.-yd. plot. In fact, the couple seem to be settling in for a long siege. "Around here, they steal," says Torzhenko, so he has dug a cellar with con-

crete walls and a heavy metal trapdoor to store pork and the potatoes he grows on a parcel of rural land in this rich, black-earth region. "I trust Mikhail Gorbachev when it comes to one thing," he adds. "He said there would be famine—and there will be."

The soil is not as fertile in Bakarevo, a settlement 900 miles to the north on the Volga River, near the city of Yaroslavl. In fact, Venyamin, who prefers not to give his last name, cannot scrape a living out of his small landholding. He works as a ship chandler to support his wife Antonina, her mother and two young sons. They also have damp earthen cellars beneath their wooden

cottage to store their winter stash: 15 sacks of potatoes, two barrels of salted cabbage, heaps of onions and carrots, five huge jars of pickles and 40 quarts of fruit preserves.

Both families have one thing to celebrate this grim Yuletide: they are fortunate enough to have stockpiles of food for the difficult months ahead. Russians may not understand the notion of the new commonwealth being created by President Boris Yeltsin, but they can see with their own eyes how the fabric of daily life has been torn to shreds by six years of political and economic upheaval.

They are not expecting any dramatic

improvements either when the red hammer-and-sickle flag is lowered over the Kremlin, giving way to Russia's white-blue-and-red banner, and Gorbachev finally steps down as Soviet President. Both might happen momentarily. Meeting Saturday in the Kazakh capital of Alma-Ata, presidents of 11 former Soviet republics—only Georgia was absent—signed documents formally creating a Commonwealth of Independent States to succeed the U.S.S.R. and settled some of the last details. For example, they agreed to form a military council to exercise unified control of the armed services and to have Russia take over the Soviet seat on the United Nations Security Council.

That also should enable Yeltsin finally to lift controls on prices and "privatize" state-owned property. To many Russians, that prospect is as appetizing as a large dose of castor oil. With everything in short supply, it is not surprising that the collectivist ethic has given way to the principle of every man for himself.

Social and economic decay are evident everywhere. Domestic airports look like refugee camps as stranded passengers keep weary vigil, hoping the state-owned Aeroflot airlines will soon resume flights canceled by a severe shortage of fuel and spare parts. With more than 8,000 wells standing idle, oil and gas production have dropped 10%. Life in the far eastern city of Khabarovsk, a key industrial and defense center on the Chinese border, has almost ground to a halt because of dwindling food and heating oil.

Nothing causes more alarm for Russians than the prospect of a bleak winter without food. Famine has recurred with frightening regularity during seven decades of communist rule. "Hunger did not start with *perestroika*," explains Dmitri Pushkar, a deputy on the Yaroslavl regional council, who monitors food supplies in the countryside. "It began with the coming of Soviet power." Vadim, a local taxi driver, puts it more bluntly: "I remember the postwar famine of 1947, when we had nothing to eat but nettles and goose feet. So what else is new?"

Plenty, according to Vyacheslav Tabolin, a Russian authority on pediatrics. He fears a major health crisis is looming for today's undernourished children, because their parents and grandparents suffered from malnutrition. Health officials estimate that only 8.5% of schoolchildren in the first to tenth grades are of a height, weight and build normal for their age.

The current food crisis is different from earlier ones in a crucial respect: the Soviet agricultural system, which turned rural areas into an enormous food factory for urban centers, has completely broken down. The

food that is being grown is staying in the countryside. Collective and state farms are refusing to sell to the new government in the same way that peasants once held back their harvest from the Bolsheviks. They want a better deal—and that means trade in goods, not in worthless paper rubles.

Large urban centers like Moscow, St. Petersburg and Ekaterinburg (known as Sverdlovsk until this year) in the Urals have been hardest hit. With supplies of milk and meat down 10% or more from last year, big-city larders are perilously close to empty. Shoppers have few alterna-

Krasnodar set up customs posts on roads out of the territory and instructed local authorities to search visitors passing and to confiscate meat, butter and other scarce supplies. The government in Moscow ordered the draconian measures to cease.

Greed, envy and desperation have given rise to economic crime. In the Yaroslavl village of Kamenshchiki, police recently caught five people dragging the carcass of a cow they had shot from the pasture of a private farmer; two were habitual criminals, but three were ordinary citizens. In the Pskov region, workers on a collective farm were so resent-



Everything in short supply: an otherwise empty state shop in Moscow has two shirts for sale

tives short of breeding hens on their apartment roofs or rabbits on their balconies. They can wait in long lines to buy whatever meager items city officials provide or to purchase scarce goods like meat at inflated prices in the free markets or from street vendors. Explains Natalya, an assistant director in a Moscow theater: "I can spend a third of my monthly salary just buying 2 lbs. of pork or a bag of mandarin oranges."

City dwellers get little sympathy out in the provinces. "Muscovites talk about a crisis because they are finally going hungry," contends Yaroslavl Deputy Pushkar. "But this is the way the rest of the country has always lived." Olga Ivanova supplements her meager monthly pension of 205 rubles (\$2.28 at the current tourist rate) by selling eggs on a Yaroslavl street corner. She vaguely recalls buying smoked ham in a state-run shop six or seven years ago, but the only meat available now sells for 40 rubles (44¢) for 2 lbs., or 20% of her income, at the free market.

That is a bargain price for many Muscovites, who are flooding into the provinces to do their shopping. Annoyed at the sudden influx from neighboring regions, officials in

ful of the success of a private grazer that they decided to "confiscate" 140 calves and all his equipment.

U.S. cargo planes began delivering 300,000 lbs. of surplus food to Moscow and St. Petersburg last week, adding to the stream of emergency supplies pouring in from the West. Such timely help will certainly be welcome, but it cannot solve the long-term problems of a country that simply did not learn how to feed itself during seven decades of communist rule. Nor can it ease the bitterness of many citizens who, though they never enjoyed abundance, remember how they once lived in a superpower rather than a patchwork quilt of fledgling states reduced to begging for help. If Yeltsin and the democrats cannot soon bring about an economic turnaround, Russians who now wait patiently in lines may demand any kind of government that will give them bread. In addition to milk, butter and meat, another vital item is in short supply these days—and it is one that no foreigners can provide: hope for the future.

—With reporting by

Yuri Zarakhovich/Yaroslavl

America Abroad

Strobe Talbott

A State That Deserved to Die

MOSCOW: I've been coming here for 23 years. That turns out to have been about a third of the U.S.S.R.'s life-span. In none of my previous 30-plus visits did I ever think I would outlive the Soviet state. Yet now that it is upon us, the demise of the Soviet Union makes both moral and historical sense.

A country is, among other things, an idea, often dressed up as an ism. The U.S.S.R., a hodgepodge of would-be nation states, was based on an outmoded idea, imperialism, and a modern one, totalitarianism. There was in the minds of those old men in the Kremlin the conceit, personified and perfected by Stalin, that fear makes the world go round; fear can make the worker work, the farmer farm, the writer write and, of course, the Latvian, the Armenian, the Uzbek and the Ukrainian all take orders from Moscow.

To his lasting credit, Mikhail Gorbachev knew that was a lousy idea. He realized that the chemical reaction between intimidation and sycophancy could not fuel a modern society or allow even a so-called superpower to enter the 21st century as anything other than a basket case. Gorbachev has allowed the beginnings of real politics to take the place of terror, and the concept of real economics to replace the institutionalized inefficiency of central planning and massive subsidization.

With the end of the Soviet idea comes the end of the Soviet Union. There is no reason to mourn the death of a country that killed millions of its own citizens in the collectivization campaign, the purges

and the famines that were used as an instrument of government policy.

Still, there is apprehension in the cold, sooty air here. I feel it in the pessimism and snarliness of my Russian friends. Only two other events in this century, World War I and World War II, have had an impact comparable to that of the Second Russian Revolution. In each of those earlier cases, our side's victory left a vacuum soon filled by new villains with big, bad ideas that made another global showdown inevitable.

World War I put the Prussian military machine out of business and created new nations from the wreckage of the Habsburg Empire. But by humiliating and pauperizing Germany, the victors contributed to the conditions out of which Nazism arose. World War II also so weakened Czarist Russia that a band of conspirators who called themselves Bolsheviks and who had a blueprint to take over the world were able, for starters, to take over the largest country on earth.

The consequences of World War II were also ambiguous. It destroyed the Third Reich and the Empire of the Rising Sun, but

it made possible Stalin's conquest of Eastern Europe and Mao's triumph in China.

Now the cold war is over, and the good guys have won again. But can the winners this time break the pattern of the past? More to the point, will the U.S. take the lead in ensuring that the West does everything in its power to bring about a transition to democracies and free markets in Eurasia?

Karl Marx was wrong about a lot, but he was right about one thing: politics is born of economics. The political stability of the new Commonwealth of Independent States will require steady, substantial infusions of cash, credits and know-how from outside.

The U.S. and its allies in the cold war spent trillions of dollars keeping the Soviet Union from blowing up the world. For a fraction of that amount, the West can help prevent the former Soviet Union from blowing itself up, with all the political—and perhaps literal—fallout that would mean for the rest of the world.

Having slain the dragon of international communism, the U.S. is now flirting with the distinctively American bad idea of isolationism, just as it did after the First World War. This turning inward is now, as it was then, dangerously shortsighted. If worse comes to worst here, Boris Yeltsin may give way to a Russia-Firster like Vladimir Zhirinovskiy, who has fascist tendencies, territorial ambitions and an ominously large popular following. The U.S. might then find itself dragged back into another open-ended international crisis that would make the meagerness of its current aid program seem penny-wise and pound-foolish. After all, the Marshall Plan and other programs to reconstruct Germany and Japan after World War II were arguably as important to avoiding World War III as was the containment of communism.

It's also worth remembering that those first two world-transforming events, the conflagrations of 1914-18 and 1939-45, resulted in the loss of approximately 60 million lives. The political miracle of 1989-91 has also had its victims: scores were killed in the crackdowns in Tbilisi, Baku, Vilnius and Riga, and three young men were martyred in the August coup. But large-scale outbreaks of violence have been fairly isolated everywhere except in the ethnic conflict over Nagorno-Karabakh, the Armenian enclave in Azerbaijan. By and large, the Soviet Union has given up the ghost of the totalitarian idea with remarkably little bloodshed.

Usually when countries and empires die, they take vast numbers of their own people with them. So far, at least, the U.S.S.R. is an exception. Keeping it so is a challenge not only for its new leaders but for the rest of the world as well. ■



YUGOSLAVIA

The Shock of Recognition

Germany pressures its European partners into a compromise on independence for Croatia and Slovenia

By FREDERICK PAJNTON

I t used to be a given of European political life that Germany, guilt-ridden by its wartime past, would not take a leading or controversial role in world affairs. The Federal Republic, it was said, was an economic giant and a political dwarf—a state of affairs that suited its neighbors very well indeed. Last week the dwarf suddenly raised himself to unprecedented heights during a tense debate within the European Community on how to deal with the six-month-old civil war in Yugoslavia.

Only a week after the Maastricht summit, hailed as a major step toward E.C. unity, the Twelve found themselves deeply divided over whether to recognize the independence of the breakaway republics of Slovenia and Croatia in the face of continuing attacks by the Serb-dominated national army. On the eve of an E.C. foreign ministers' meeting in Brussels, the Germans were in a distinct minority in their push for recognition—a move they said would deter further Serbian assaults. By the next day, in an unexpected show of diplomatic muscle, Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher had cajoled and bullied the European partners into partial agreement by threatening that Germany would act alone if they failed to go along.

The result was a compromise: the E.C. would recognize the two republics as of Jan. 15, but only if they pledged to respect human and minority rights, demonstrated a willingness to settle border questions and other disputes peacefully, and guaranteed a democratic government. The Germans immediately undermined the decision, however, by declaring their intention to recognize Croatia and Slovenia even before the E.C. makes a determination on whether the conditions have been met.

Chancellor Helmut Kohl called the compromise "a great victory for German foreign policy." At the least, it spared the E.C. from an embarrassing public split, but there will undoubtedly be unpleasant repercussions for some time to come. British Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd, evoking World War I, reminded the House of Commons that "there is a tradition of the main states of Western Europe splitting in rivalry on these Balkan questions, and this

all ending up on the battlefield. I don't think that tradition is a good one." One Conservative M.P. even complained about "the overmighty Hun."

Rarely since the end of World War II has a foreign policy issue had such an emotional impact on the German government and public as the crisis in Yugoslavia. One explanation for the strong German support of Croatia is that German unification

ity there. That in turn could cause the conflict to spread to Macedonia, possibly involving Greece; to Kosovo, which has an Albanian majority; even to Hungary, which has a minority ethnic community just across the border with Yugoslavia. Most Croats are also convinced that recognition would allow them to receive better arms from the West, strengthening their resistance.

"E.C. policy is now German policy," commented Belgrade's state-run TV, repeating the official Serbian accusation that the Germany of today is a reincarnation of Hitler's Third Reich, which, in a new march to conquest, is trying to break up Yugoslavia. "The main problem with recognition," said Wolfgang Biermann, a foreign policy analyst for the Social Democrats in Bonn, "is that it is the Germans who are pushing it. Considering Germany's history in Yugoslavia, the Serbs are



A Croat mother weeps over the casket of her son during a mass funeral last week

in 1990 flowed from the very self-determination that Slovenes and Croats are now attempting to exercise. Another is that Germany has a built-in lobby in nearly 500,000 Croats living in the country. Millions of German tourists, moreover, have long enjoyed the Croatian coast as a kind of central European Riviera.

Backed halfheartedly by Belgium and Denmark, Germany argued for recognition of the two republics as quickly as possible, suggesting that international acceptance of Croatia's frontiers would deflect the Serbian drive to annex more Croatian territory on the pretext of protecting Serb minorities. But opponents in Britain, France, Holland and, from the sidelines, the U.S. and the United Nations countered that recognition might only provoke the Serbs into expanding the civil war by deploying the national army into Bosnia-Herzegovina to "protect" the Serb minor-

convicted that Germany is splitting up their state again. That escalates the conflict." In a number of capitals there was discomfort with the appearance of Germany again supporting Croatian independence, as the Nazis backed fascist Croatia during World War II.

For the moment, the war appears to be beyond the reach of diplomacy: so long as cease-fires cannot be guaranteed, no U.N. or E.C. intervention force is likely to be inserted between the warring factions. The search for a peaceful solution amounts to one of the greatest diplomatic challenges the E.C. has faced since its inception. Germany, derided as a slacker by some allies during the Gulf War, has now stepped out in front. But who knows whether its initiative will help solve what may be an intractable problem?

—Reported by James L. Graff/Zagreb, James O. Jackson/Bonn and William Mader/London

MEXICO

A Reprieve for the Church

Legislators finally bow to reality and vote to end more than a century of often brutal anticlerical policies

In even the tiniest, most impoverished towns of Mexico, the Roman Catholic churches are invariably well swept, well appointed and well attended. Yet despite the evident pride Mexicans take in their religion—90% of the country's 86 million peo-

ple are Catholic—church institutions have been restrained since the 19th century by some of the toughest anticlerical laws anywhere. Restrictions enacted in 1857 dismantled church properties. Sixty years later, after an outbreak of violence by Catholic guerril-

las, the government responded with not only more property seizures but the massacre of priests. Through it all, the Catholic Church has maintained its profound social and political influence. Last week legislators bowed to that reality and legalized the status quo by voting to lift the anticlerical policies.

In successive votes, the lower house of Congress overwhelmingly approved constitutional amendments legalizing Mexico's religious organizations. The Senate is expected shortly to endorse the measures, and then the changes will go to the states for ratification. Under the changes, which will cover all denominations, churches will once more be entitled to own buildings and property. Members of the clergy will be able to vote and to criticize the government openly. No longer will priests have to hide their religious garb as they walk the streets. And the parochial schools they have run illegally will now be able to offer religious curriculums.

The move is well in keeping with the modernization campaign pursued by President Carlos Salinas de Gortari since his inauguration three years ago. He has sought a reconciliation with the church as part of his effort to encourage political pluralism, while scaling back the appearance of undue influence by his ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party. The reforms also serve Salinas' new fiscal laws, which are to be implemented next year. Now even members of the clergy will have to pay income taxes.



During the Mexican Revolution, slain Catholic rebels were strung from telegraph poles

SOUTH AFRICA

Negotiations At Last

The nation's black and white leaders gather to start designing a democracy

Peace and goodwill were appropriately item No. 1 on the national agenda the weekend before Christmas. They were the objectives proclaimed by all 19 of the delegations that opened formal negotiations on a new, nonracial constitution for the country. As the 228 black, white, Indian and mixed-race politicians gathered for the first session of the Convention for a Democratic South Africa at a conference center near Johannesburg, African National Congress leader Nelson Mandela said the challenge they faced was "to unshackle ourselves from the past and build anew."

Now that the legislative pillars of apartheid have been scrapped, South Africa is trying to complete its transformation into a multiparty parliamentary system that will, for the first time, include the black majority. As its first task, the convention must provide the framework for a new constitution and the transition to it.

There unanimity ends. The A.N.C. and its allies demand that the white government of President F.W. de Klerk hand over power to an interim government that would hold elections for a constituent assembly to draft a new constitution. The ruling National Party rejects the idea, though it is willing to amend the present constitution to allow blacks to participate in the government during the transition. The government also opposes the notion of an elected constituent assembly. De Klerk says he intends to "share power," but will not surrender it to a black majority.

The convention is open to all parties that want to participate, and a wide spectrum of political groups and local leaders went to the table. The opening session attracted spokesmen for most South Africans, but it was not completely representative because some extremist groups are boycotting the whole process.

The mostly Afrikaner Conservative Party, the official opposition in Parliament, calls the talks a recipe for white "annihilation." The neo-Nazi Afrikaner Resistance Movement says it will not negotiate with "terrorists and communists." Both warn they will fight rather than accept a black government. Right-wing whites were suspected of setting off bombs last week in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal; there were no injuries.

On the other side, the Patriotic Front of 90 mostly black organizations forged last October has split. The far-left Pan Africanist Congress, which still uses the slogan "One settler, one bullet," denounces the convention as a sellout to whites. So does the Azanian People's Organization, a small black-consciousness group.

Even if Mandela and De Klerk bridge their differences on how to get started, another broad area of disagreement lies ahead. The A.N.C. wants the new constitution to provide for majority rule and a strong, centralized government. The National Party is holding out for a collective three- or five-person presidency, a decentralized federal system and what amounts to a veto for whites over major legislation.

Last week's session was not intended to resolve all the issues. It provided a forum for the participants to state their opening positions and to figure out how to take the next step. Before adjourning on Saturday, the convention adopted a "declaration of intent" vowing to achieve democracy. The delegates also set up working groups that will begin meeting next month on questions like the basic principles of a new constitution and the nature of a transitional government. The groups plan to report to another session of the convention in mid-March.

—By Bruce W. Nelan.

Reported by Peter Hawthorne/Cape Town

WORLD NOTES

BRITAIN

'Tis the Season To Plant a Bomb

Christmas comes but once a year—for which Londoners can be thankful, since the Irish Republican Army has chosen to mark the season with terrorist attacks. Last week a bomb exploded at London's Clapham Junction, the country's busiest railway intersection. No one was injured, but an estimated 500,000 commuters were affected and the city's businesses could lose around \$90 million.

Since Dec. 1, the I.R.A. has set off 25 fire bombs across the country in a campaign of economic sabotage. Although no one has yet been hurt, one device went off at London's National Gallery.

In Northern Ireland the activities of the I.R.A. and Protestant extremists have been more lethal, taking 89 lives this year. But as a government spokesman explained, "It doesn't make news to bomb in Northern Ireland. Fire bombs in London at Christmas cause lots of publicity."

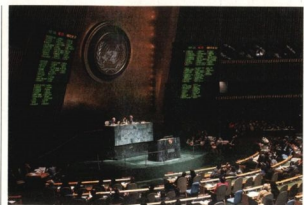


The I.R.A.'s Christmas gift

AUSTRALIA

A Felled Hawke

For Prime Minister Bob Hawke, it finally came down to the numbers. Last Wednesday newly released opinion polls showed not only that his Labor Party trailed the conservative opposition, 31% to 52%, but also that his own approval rat-



After 16 years, the United Nations changes its mind

UNITED NATIONS

Freed of An Albatross

Applause swept through the General Assembly hall as the vote flashed on the electronic

tally board: 111 to 25. By that sweeping majority, the United Nations revoked the resolution equating Zionism with racism, eliminating Israel's main reason for resenting the world body. Said a jubilant Israeli Foreign Minister David Levy: "It ends a

conspiracy to distort the truth."

The resolution was devised in 1975 by the U.S.S.R. to win Arab fealty against the U.S. in the superpower struggle for dominance in the Middle East. But the end of the cold war and the eruption of the gulf war dramatically altered U.N. dynamics, and President Bush began lobbying for repeal. Washington also hoped that erasing the resolution would encourage Israeli reasonableness as Middle East peace talks got under way.

The nay votes were cast mostly by Arab and Muslim states plus the communist countries of Cuba, North Korea and Vietnam. An Arab spokesman argued that repeal would only "whet the appetite of Israeli extremists' creeping annexation," and Saudi Arabia's U.N. Ambassador, Samir Shihabi, boycotted the session. Biggest winner: the U.N., freed of an albatross. ■

CANADA

This Land Is Our Land

They call themselves Inuit—"the people"—and they eke out simple lives in tiny communities scattered across the frozen tundra of the Northwest Territories. Last week, after 15 years of negotiations with Ottawa, an agreement was announced under which the Inuit will take political control of one-fifth of Canada's land area.

The accord, the largest native land-claim settlement ever, will carve a new territory to be called Nunavut (Our Land) out of the 770,000 sq. mi. that makes up the eastern two-thirds of the Northwest Territories,



where 17,500 Inuit live. The Inuit will gain mineral rights on 14,000 sq. mi. but will give up other subsurface claims in ex-

change for \$1 billion.

Louis Pilakapsi, head of the Tungavik Federation of Nunavut, predicted that the pact "will result in a better social and economic state for the Inuit people." But it must still pass muster in the federal Parliament and plebiscites in both the Northwest Territories and the future Nunavut. Déné Indians in the western third of the Territories charge that the settlement undermines their demand for total self-government and control of oil and mineral wealth in their region. ■



A losing vote

the helm, the longest stint by a Labor Prime Minister. Although he was also the first Labor leader to be ousted while in office, Hawke, 62, bowed out gracefully, pledging that he would "give Paul a hand."

The task ahead for Keating, 47, is hardly enviable. Labor fortunes continue to sag

as the country's recession drags into its 18th month, with unemployment running at a 60-year high of 10.5%. Keating, who designed the economic-liberalization program that precipitated the country's slump, must now prove he is also the man to put the economy back on track. Scoffs conservative leader John Hewson: "Putting in Mr. Recession to get us out of the recession is the ultimate irony." ■

WHY SHOULD SAFETY BE AN OPTION IN A NEW LUXURY SEDAN? It is ironic that while most luxury sedans offer a seemingly endless array of standard amenities, they still relegate safety features like dual air bags to the options list. If they're even available. Fortunately, there is an exception to this rule. The new Mazda 929. For along with all the prerequisites of uncommon comfort and performance, the 929 also provides



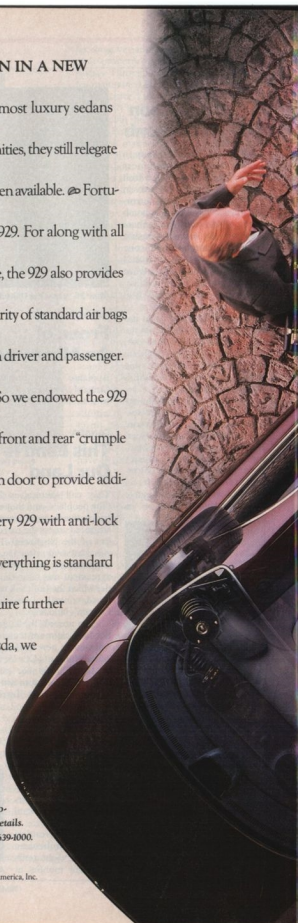
the security of standard air bags for both driver and passenger.

And our concern with safety went far beyond air bags. So we endowed the 929 with a computer-designed body that has energy-absorbing front and rear "crumple zones." We positioned a special reinforcement beam in each door to provide additional protection from side impacts. And we provided every 929 with anti-lock brakes, also standard. Of course, this is not to say that everything is standard on the new 929 luxury sedan. In fact, for those who require further enhancements, there is a brief list of options. But at Mazda, we simply didn't believe that safety should be on it.

THE MAZDA 929

The only car in its class with dual air bags standard. ABS. 3.0L, 24-valve V6 engine. Multi-link suspension. Available leather-trimmed upholstery.* First car with available solar-powered ventilation system. 36-month/50,000-mile limited warranty. Non-deductible, "bumper-to-bumper" protection. See your dealer for details. For a free brochure on the new 929 or any new Mazda, call 1-800-639-1000.

*Seats upholstered in leather except for back side of front seats, bottom cushion side panels and other minor areas. © 1991 Mazda Motor of America, Inc.





mazda
IT JUST FEELS RIGHT.

1991

IMAGES

SOUTHERN IRAQ

"I saw the look on my boy's face, and I know he will never be the same."

DANIEL KOZAKIEWICZ on reaction of his son, Sergeant Ken Kozakiewicz, to a buddy's "friendly fire" death





TIME, DECEMBER 30, 1991

DAVID TURNLEY—DETROIT FREE PRESS/BLACK STAR

THE PERSIAN GULF

"First we're going to cut it off, and then we're going to kill it."

GENERAL COLIN POWELL, referring to Iraqi army, as battleship Wisconsin fires Tomahawk missile to launch air war



JOHN MCCUTCHEN—SAN DIEGO UNION

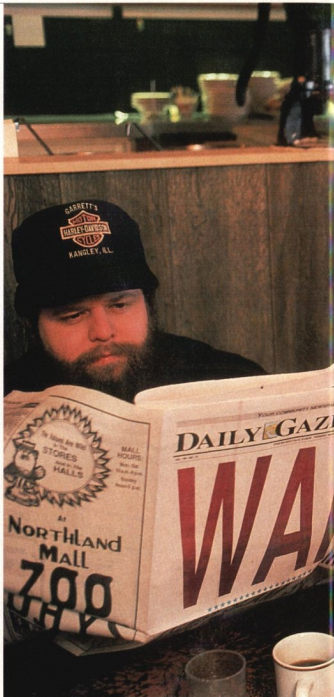


SYGMA

BAGHDAD, IRAQ

"You can hear the bombs now. This feels like ... the center of hell."

CNN CORRESPONDENTS describing opening salvos of Desert Storm from al-Rasheed Hotel in Iraqi capital on Jan. 17





STEVE LUS FOR TIME

ROCK FALLS, ILLINOIS

"Prepare war, wake up the mighty men, let all the men of war draw near...
Beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruninghooks into spears."

JOEL #3: 9-10. In the northern Illinois town of 10,600, where 181 National Guard members shipped out days earlier, men in a restaurant get news of the war's start from the Daily Gazette, published in neighboring Sterling, Ill.

NEAR AN NASIRIYA, IRAQ

"Every soul shall have / A taste of death."

THE KORAN, SURAH 3:185. An Iraqi soldier, incinerated in his truck on a road near the Euphrates River



KENNETH JARECKI—CONTACT FOR TIME

KUWAIT

"We don't belong here. This has nothing to do with us. It is all Saddam. He is crazy."

IRAQI PRISONERS, guarded by U.S. Marines, head for Saudi border



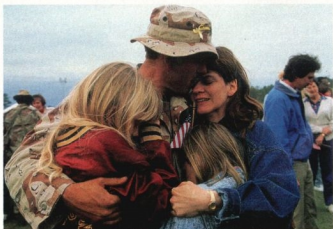




KUWAIT OIL FIELD

"The ground is so hot, if you kneel on it, you get blisters . . . Your clothes heat up and your zipper burns."

CANADIAN ROUGHNECKS, looking like molten bronze figures against 4,000° F oil fires that turned sand into liquid glass, struggle to cap a gushing well



FORT STEWART, GEORGIA

"The women
are waiting
and the beer
is cold."

HOMECOMING SHOUT as
first troops return.
Sergeant James Roark
gets a big hello, at left



DAVID WALKER FOR TIME

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

"It won't be easy, but the path to peace never is."

GEORGE BUSH to graduating class of U.S. Air Force Academy as he outlines a plan for Middle East arms control in wake of Desert Storm

ISIKVEREN, TURKEY

"Every day 20 children are buried between the tents. Older people are dying too; so are younger adults. They are dying, dying even as I speak."

The Kurds' plight, in the words of DR. GERARD SALERIO of France's Doctors of the World. Here, refugees in morning mist bury children who died overnight

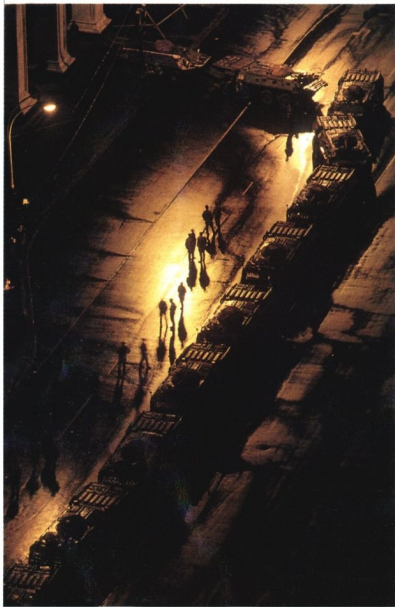




MANEZH SQUARE, MOSCOW

"A mortal danger looms over our great motherland." —Vice President Yanayev
 "Go to hell." —President Gorbachev's reply to Yanayev's demand for power

In golden lamplight, Soviet tanks mass near the Kremlin as coup attempt begins. Below, Russian President Boris Yeltsin raises fist as three youths killed during fighting are buried; Gorbachev holds postcoup press conference



SHEPARD SHERBELL—SABA FOR TIME



GEORGES MERILLON—GAMMA LIAISON



STEPHANE COMPOINT—SYGMA

MOSCOW RIVER

"The people should show their contempt toward these people, these putschists."

And the people did just what former KGB GENERAL OLEG KALUGIN urged. Here, they man a barricade along the Moscow River



CROATIA, YUGOSLAVIA

"A simple child, That lightly draws its breath ... What should it know of death?"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, *We Are Seven*. Young boy at funeral of his father, a Croatian policeman killed by Serbian guerrillas





VUKOVAR AND OKUCANI, YUGOSLAVIA

"[We are] sitting on a bomb,
which could destroy us all."

FEDERAL PRIME MINISTER ANTE MARKOVIĆ on independence battles rending Yugoslavia.
At top, Serbian reservists at railroad station in Okucani, Croatia, duck fire from Croatian snipers, while below, civilians make way through rubble of Croatian city of Vukovar





MOUNT PINATUBO, PHILIPPINES

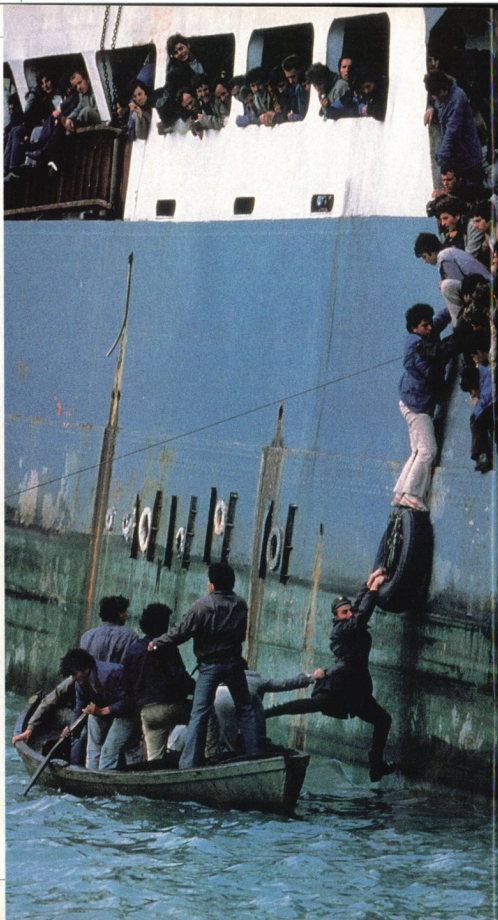
"It started with little stones, then it became pitch dark, and the rain and sand began to fall. I thought it was the end of the world."

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT in city of Angeles, near now abandoned Clark U.S. Air Base, after the 5,842-ft. Pinatubo, dormant for 611 years, blew its top—an eruption that, with accompanying earthquakes and torrential rains, took 330 lives

SHENGJIN HARBOR, ALBANIA

"There is no bread in the bakeries, no milk. There is a shortage of salt . . . All are disillusioned. There is no money and no hope."

A JOURNALIST explaining why more than 100,000 Albanians joined an exodus from their country of 3.5 million. Nearly half fled across the Adriatic to Italy, only to be turned back





ANTHONY SGAJI—BLACK STAR FOR TIME

ADDIS ABABA, ETHIOPIA

"This is a country without any democratic experience, plunging into it with arms in hand."

MELES ZENAWI, rebel leader turned interim President after well-armed troops of his Ethiopian People's Revolutionary Democratic Front, above, persuaded Marxist-Leninist ruler Mengistu Haile Mariam to flee following a brutal 14-year dictatorship of the country's 53 million people



**WE CAN SEE BY YOUR FACE THAT
YOU'VE PRICED THE NEW CAMRY.**

\$17,000 for a Camry LE? Yikes.

What you need is a dose of reality. Like the Nissan® Stanza® XE. It has just about everything you've ever wanted in a family sedan. Like a Value Option Package that includes air conditioning, AM/FM stereo cassette, cruise control and power windows and door locks. More headroom and a much more

powerful standard engine than Camry. Traditionally high resale value. And up to \$1,000 in factory-to-dealer incentives can help make it yours for under \$15,000*. That's up to \$2,600** less than you-know-who.

So after you've gotten over the Camry sticker shock, come see Stanza. But first, do something about your hair.



THE NISSAN STANZA. STILL UNDER \$15,000.



**BUILT FOR THE
HUMAN RACE.®**

Smart people always read the fine print. And they always wear their seat belts. *MSRP excluding title, taxes, license and destination charges. Incentive available for a limited time. Dealer participation may affect cost. **Comparison based on Stanza XE with Value Option Package with automatic transmission to Camry LE. Actual price difference without incentive \$1,608. Differences in destination charges may affect price comparison.

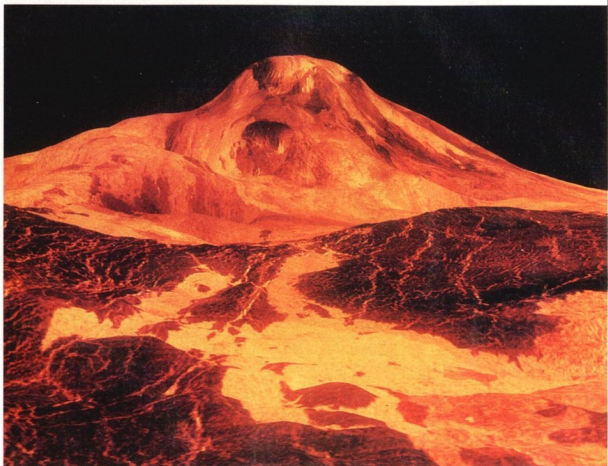


SAG—SIPA

SIMILAUN GLACIER

“What drove him there—
hunting for game, searching
for minerals, visiting
a friend in the next valley?”

Innsbruck archaeologist KONRAD SPINDLER on
discovery of a Bronze Age “Iceman,”
up to 4,800 years old, in a retreating glacier
in Austria’s Alps



NASA—JPL

MAAT MONS PEAK, VENUS

“Venus, thy eternal sway, All the race of men obey.”

EURIPIDES, *Iphigenia at Aulis*. The lava flow on Venus’ second tallest peak
(roughly 7,900 m), shown in radar images from the Magellan spacecraft, could
mean the volcano is still active

AUTOMAKING

Major Overhaul

Pounded by the recession and foreign rivals, GM will close 25 plants and lay off 74,000 workers. But will the bloodletting end there?

By WILLIAM MC WHIRTER DETROIT

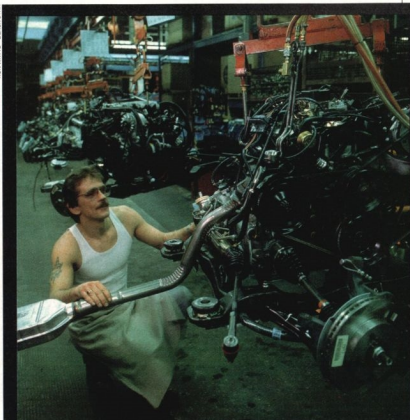
The Christmastime speech from the chairman of General Motors traditionally sounds like an address from a head of state. Small wonder: the company is so large (1990 revenues: nearly \$127 billion) that if it were an independent nation, its economy would rank among the world's Top 20. By closed-circuit TV from GM headquarters in Detroit, this year's 45-minute broadcast reached 395,000 employees who stopped work and put down their tools in 130 factories across the U.S. But the message from chairman Robert Stempel was like no other in the 83-year history of the giant corporation.

As of Jan. 1, Stempel said, the company would embark on a three-year program that would close 25 North American plants and reduce its current work force by 74,000, or about 19%. GM would abandon for the foreseeable future its hopes to regain its lost share of the U.S. market, which has fallen in the past decade from 45% to just over 35%. According to the plan, which did not specify which plants would be closed, GM would emerge by 1995 only half as large as it was a decade earlier and, as Stempel said, "a much different General Motors."

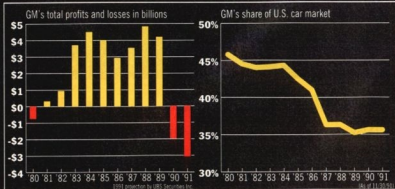
The announcement was a drastic departure from the company's past benevolent assurances of prosperity and well-being. So was the self-effacing and chastened candor. Stempel conceded that this was not the holiday message he had originally intended. But the severe losses in the company's North American automaking operations, estimated at \$450 million a month, had prompted a revolt among GM's directors. They rejected Stempel's reorganization plan and humiliatingly ordered up a more drastic revision. The rebuke left Stempel and his senior management staff publicly lurching. The Christmas message was postponed by a week; a preferred-stock offering to raise \$1 billion in cash was halted; even GM's annual Christmas party for the automotive press was canceled. Then last week Stempel gave workers the overhauled speech: "We are asking you to help remake the world's largest automobile company. We can't wait."

If not yet a different company, GM is already vastly different from what it was in the free-spending days of Stempel's predecessor, Roger Smith. Money seemed to be no

RON WATTS—BLACK STAR



An autoworker handling an engine at a plant in Oshawa, Ont., which is among those that may be closed. The factory produces the Chevrolet Lumina and Buick Regal, both midsize cars.



object for Smith, who spent \$5 billion to acquire Hughes Aircraft, \$3 billion to build the experimental Saturn division and \$700 million to buy out his boardroom rival H. Ross Perot.

But Smith's vision hasn't been fulfilled fast enough to endure the recession and customer apathy. Because of its cash drain, GM has had to float \$3.2 billion in premium-interest stocks and bonds (current rate: 9½%), mainly to meet operational expenses. GM's outside directors have become so concerned in recent months that they have begun to meet privately, without

the company's officers. They have reportedly put Stempel on notice that his own 16-month tenure, as well as those of GM president Lloyd Ruess and chief financial officer Robert O'Connell, are under close scrutiny. Says a board source: "They are down to a real cash-flow problem now. All the money is out of the mattress."

Blaming Stempel, say his defenders in the company, seems unfair given his brief duration at the top and a bit of unlucky timing—GM rolled out its best lineup of cars in many years smack in the midst of a nasty recession. Those close to GM, even some of

Stempel's union adversaries, give him credit for fostering an improved atmosphere of fairness and openness that was noticeably missing under Smith's autocratic reign. Stempel, a 58-year-old engineer who developed the catalytic converter for GM in the 1970s, is said to be so unassuming that he still takes his own notes at management meetings. On the other hand, his methodical and prudent approach can be a drawback when more radical measures are needed. "These are crisis times, and Stempel may not be a man for crisis management," says a GM director. "The rules have changed overnight from the old collegial culture, and he may be disoriented and in over his head."

Yet by his actions, Stempel seems to accept that something is structurally wrong with GM. As analyst Chris Cederger puts it: "The main problem with GM is that there is too much of it." The automaker's majestic size, assembled from a rickety bunch of automotive tinkers and run with an almost military sense of discipline by its legendary chief Alfred Sloan, once made it an invincible world leader. But today GM's bulk has fostered a chronic lack of flexibility and decisiveness. Said Stempel last week: "We cannot blame our problems totally on the war, the plunge in consumer confidence or the recession. Rather, we must make fundamental changes in the way GM does business."

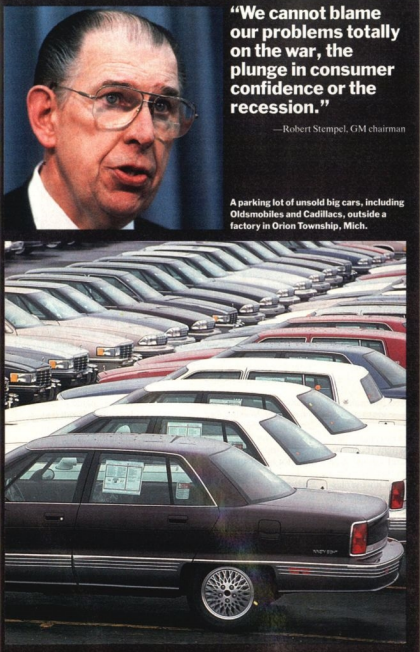
Just paring things down isn't the only answer. Even before the new layoffs, GM had cut 130,000 jobs since 1986. As Chevrolet chief James Perkins points out, his 2,100-employee sales and marketing division is now smaller than rival Toyota's equivalent U.S. operation, but with three times the Japanese company's sales volume. On some days, says Perkins, "we haul out tons and tons of unused furniture and paperwork." Still missing at GM is any real sense of what such "lean" operations are supposed to create and produce. Says a major Detroit supplier to the auto industry: "The spirit within GM is still not equal to what it is at either Ford or Chrysler. It's just a huge, huge enterprise that is trying to evoke individual reaction, and that is terribly, terribly difficult."

Even more frustration bubbles up from the lower ranks, particularly among what GM calls its Hi-Pot (for "high potential") new engineering recruits, who feel intellectually cramped. Instead of dealing with an entire product design or manufacturing process, they find themselves sidetracked into such specialties as heating and cooling systems. Complains a 28-year-old engineer: "How would you like to develop door handles all your life?" A young engineer grouches that a pilot project last year to review GM's entire product-development process ended up in a form of corporate limbo. "We just found out we weren't as empowered as we thought we were, and ended up spending all our time preparing elaborate briefings explaining the study to

"We cannot blame our problems totally on the war, the plunge in consumer confidence or the recession."

—Robert Stempel, GM chairman

A parking lot of unsold big cars, including Oldsmobiles and Cadillacs, outside a factory in Orion Township, Mich.



Business

senior management rather than actually doing it. That's why all the engineers want to get out of engineering and into management." A cynical expression still circulates within the company: "At GM, we don't build cars, we build careers."

GM's laboratory of ideas for reinventing itself is its Saturn plant in Spring Hill, Tenn. But in attempting to do everything differently, Saturn's craftsmanlike attention to detail and quality is causing delays in turning out the cars. A year after the assembly lines began rolling, current production is less than 100,000 units a year, far from the estimated break-even point of 250,000, costing the division as much as \$2 billion annually.

GM's problems have not been felt as severely at the other two Detroit automakers. Ford and Chrysler went through their own major retrenchments in the 1980s and have been able to make stronger commitments to team-production techniques. In terms of

corporate structure, "size guarantees you nothing anymore," says Chrysler president Robert Lutz. "It's not necessarily the small buildings that are the most affected by earthquakes. Skyscrapers are just as vulnerable."

Japanese automakers, whose success in the U.S. has come largely at GM's expense, feared that the Detroit automaker's cutbacks would add fuel to the political backlash against Japan. Toyota, for one, took the remarkable step of publicly expressing sympathy for laid-off GM workers. Next month the chiefs of the Big Three U.S. automakers will accompany President Bush on a trip to East Asia, where they are expected to urge Japan to buy more U.S.-made autos to reduce the trade deficit. But more radical measures are brewing in Congress. House majority leader Richard Gephardt and Michigan Senator Donald Riegle Jr. introduced a bill last

week to limit U.S. sales of Japanese cars and trucks to 2.5 million, a cut of more than one-third from current levels. A few days later Japan suffered another blow when the Commerce Department indicated it would impose penalty duties on minivans sold in the U.S. by Toyota, Mazda and other Japanese automakers after ruling that the companies were "dumping" the vehicles in the U.S. at artificially low prices.

GM, even after shedding as many plants and people as there are in all of Chrysler, will still be the world's largest automaker—but no longer the richest. Toyota, Japan's leading carmaker, has \$12.7 billion in cash reserves, vs. GM's \$3.5 billion. Toyota shows every indication of reinvesting its huge sums to improve both product and design. Unless GM can return to profitability and make similar investments, the current cutback won't be its last.

—With reporting by Joseph R. Szczesny/Detroit

A Silver Lining in the Showroom



The 1992 Cadillac Seville, Pontiac Bonneville and Saturn: GM's new cars stand a cut above the lackluster models of the '80s

One of the worst problems at General Motors in recent years has been the bland similarity of its products, which seem to have been stamped by the same cookie cutter. At a new-model preview several years ago, a Cadillac engineer was asked his opinion of the main difference between the look-alike Chevrolet Cavalier and Cadillac Cimarron. "About \$5,000," he said dismissively. Many 1980s-era models were also prosaic, underpowered and poorly executed. But a handful of new models demonstrate that GM divisions, when well motivated and organized, can build distinctive, high-quality products. A sampler:

Cadillac Seville. This luxury sedan looks like a European touring car with added muscle tone. The handling is tight, the instrumentation is easy to read, and the STS version is refreshingly free of the chrome that gets slapped willy-nilly on other American cars. The zebra-wood accents on the interior are real, not the plastic imitations earlier models used. It is the first luxury car in years that GM execs can truly call world class. At a \$34,975 base price, it isn't cheap, but with Japanese and German competitors priced at as much as \$8,500 more, the Seville is a relative bargain.

Buick Park Avenue. An old nameplate in new garb, this full-size sedan benefits from a silky four-speed electronic transmission that matches those featured in the Lexus and Infiniti. "GM always knew how to build big cars, so it's no surprise that's where the new strength lies," says auto critic Jim Dunne, Detroit editor of *Popular Mechanics*. The car is full-bodied, but Buick's design team has succeeded in giving it a lean, light-footed profile.

Chevrolet Suburban. This redesigned classic is the king of the road in Texas and parts of the Middle East, where drilling crews travel over terrain more suitable to burros than cars. It has better aerodynamics and a suspension capable of smoothing out bumps that the old model delivered unadulterated. And the \$18,155 Suburban has almost no competition in its market niche.

Pontiac SSEi. The supercharged 3.8-liter V-6 engine in this sports sedan—a member of the Bonneville family—is rated at 205 h.p., a 21% boost over its brethren. There's no hesitation when a driver puts the pedal to the floor, and little hesitation in Pontiac showrooms either. The base price is an alluring \$18,599; sales for all Bonnevilles are up 40% from a year ago.

Saturn. Aerodynamic but not particularly sexy, this compact from GM's all new division in Tennessee is slowly building a following among the import set. The best thing about Saturn is that the company is committed to buyer satisfaction. When it was discovered that an improper coolant was used in some of the cars earlier this year, all the 1,100 Saturn owners affected were notified. Every one got a car or a refund.

North Star Engine. Most buyers pay lip service to fuel economy but crave power. This high-tech Double Overhead Camshaft (DOHC) aluminum V-8 engine will deliver plenty of the latter and still be reasonably thrifty. —By Paul A. Wittman. With reporting by Joseph R. Szczesny/Detroit

SCANDALS

Is That All There Is?

B.C.C.I. pleads guilty to criminal charges and forfeits \$550 million, but individual culprits are still on the loose

By JONATHAN BEATY and S.C. GWYNNE

It was the ultimate package deal, a grand compromise designed to clean up one of the world's messiest piles of financial wreckage. Bank liquidators, acting on behalf of the moribund Bank of Credit & Commerce International, marched into a crowded Manhattan courtroom last Friday and settled, in one unexpected swoop, all U.S. criminal charges outstanding against B.C.C.I. as a corporation. The bank, which in the U.S. is now essentially just a hollow shell, pleaded guilty to federal and state charges of racketeering, fraud and money laundering. The liquidators agreed to surrender virtually every penny of B.C.C.I.'s assets in the U.S., a total of \$550 million, which represents the largest criminal forfeiture in history.

The guilty plea, hammered out during four months of intense negotiations among banking authorities and prosecutors in Washington, London and Luxembourg, was designed in part to impose some order on the worldwide scramble to lay claims to B.C.C.I.'s remaining assets. So far, auditors have found only \$1.5 billion in the coffers of a bank that once held \$22 billion in deposits. "We felt we could duke it out for years, or we could accommodate each other. I think we found a fair arrangement," says George Terwilliger, the acting Deputy U.S. Attorney General.

Half of B.C.C.I.'s forfeiture has been allocated to a worldwide fund to compensate innocent depositors who lost their money when the bank collapsed. The remaining half has been reserved for a U.S. contingency fund to shore up financial institutions that B.C.C.I. secretly controlled. Washington regulators fear that the already depleted guarantee fund at the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation could be endangered by banking problems at the Independence Bank in Encino, Calif., and at Washington's First American. Their concern was so acute that authorities immediately transferred \$5 million of the forfeited money to the Encino bank to prevent its collapse.

But far more money is needed to compensate victims worldwide, so authorities are seeking a much bigger bailout. Their intended source: the ruler of Abu Dhabi, Sheikh Zayed bin Sultan al-Nahyan, who is now the major shareholder in B.C.C.I. For months banking authorities and liquidators have tried to talk Zayed into donating billions of dollars to



One of First American's East Coast branches

TERMS OF THE DEAL

- The bank will pay about \$275 million, which will be used to shore up institutions it secretly owned in the U.S.
- Another \$275 million will go into a fund to compensate B.C.C.I. depositors around the world.
- The bank pleaded guilty to charges of racketeering, fraud, larceny and falsification of business documents.
- The liquidators agreed to give prosecutors access to documents and cooperate with further probes.

cushion the losses of depositors around the world so they might recoup 30% to 40% instead of the 10% now expected. B.C.C.I.'s agreement with the U.S. may pave the way for that bailout.

Zayed, who has already poured billions into the bank, shows signs of wanting to make the best of a bad situation by reviving portions of B.C.C.I. as a bank based in the Middle East. "What B.C.C.I. was all about is the infusion of Arab dollars into the U.S. and the political influence that goes with it," says a B.C.C.I. investigator. Just what Zayed might demand for pouring more bil-

ions into what's left of B.C.C.I. remains unspoken, but Abu Dhabi has made it clear in the past that it would prefer some sort of restructuring to outright liquidation.

While the bank is shut down in most countries, B.C.C.I. is still operating in Pakistan and Switzerland, as well as in Zambia and Zimbabwe. In other countries, individuals or entities with close ties to the old B.C.C.I. seem to be buying up the bank's branches. At the same time, several Middle Eastern banks are taking over the bank's role as a promoter of weapons deals, sources have told TIME.

B.C.C.I.'s corporate guilty plea will not slow down the pending indictments of individuals connected to the bank. The investigation has speeded up now that cooperation has improved between federal officials, led by U.S. Attorney General William Barr, and state prosecutors in New York, led by Manhattan district attorney Robert Morgenthau. For months Morgenthau's unprecedented worldwide probe had been running rings around the foot-dragging Justice investigation. Plenty remains to be uncovered. A grand jury in Manhattan is looking into the roles played in B.C.C.I.'s schemes by First American's ex-chairman, former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford, and his law partner, Robert Altman.

Political bribery is another ripe area of investigation. In Georgia last week Governor Zell Miller and house speaker Tom Murphy testified before a federal grand jury probing reports of payoffs to legislators for passing a law enabling First American to buy the National Bank of Georgia when both banks were controlled by B.C.C.I. A report of those alleged bribes originally came into the hands of the CIA in 1986, according to TIME sources.

Connections to B.C.C.I. are proving to be politically sticky. Last week the Bush Administration denied any knowledge of a business relationship between Charles Hostler, the U.S. envoy to Bahrain, and B.C.C.I. An NBC News report had linked Hostler, a major GOP contributor, to a Connecticut real estate development controlled by reputed B.C.C.I. front man Mohammed Hammoud. Hostler says he became involved in the Connecticut project because of friendship with Hammoud and did not profit from it, and denies ties to B.C.C.I. Hammoud's connections, however, seem clear. Internal B.C.C.I. documents examined by TIME show that the bank planned to move \$5 million of Hammoud's loans—including those related to the Connecticut project—to "offshore" branches to avoid examination by regulators. Hammoud will not be able to clear matters up: the London-based businessman reportedly died in May 1990 under mysterious circumstances.

While the surprising guilty plea last week settled many issues, it may have been only a curtain raiser for new disclosures on how the corrupt bank really operated. ■



Barr unveils the plea

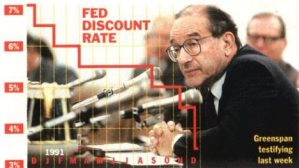
BUSINESS NOTES

INTEREST RATES

From Scrooge To Santa

For a while, Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan was doing a pretty fair imitation of Scrooge. In congressional testimony last week, the Fed chief gave his gloomiest ever assessment of the economy, warning that consumers and businesses are so top-heavy with debt that a recovery is nowhere in sight. And any attempt by Congress or the White House to sneak through a quick-fix tax cut, he added, could widen the budget deficit and further harm the economy.

His bleak words did not go over well among business leaders. Ed Yardeni, a New York City economist, immediately sent out a fax to his clients:



"Will someone please remind this guy that he is Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board of Governors! Send him some antidepressants. Consumers are frightened enough without hearing all this depressing talk from Mr. Greenspan." Urged Yardeni: "Let's have a full-point cut in the discount rate today!" The message evidently

got through. Late in the week Greenspan turned Santa Claus. He lowered the discount rate, which is what banks are charged for borrowing money from the Fed, by a full percentage point. The new 3.5% rate is the lowest in 27 years. Commercial banks quickly followed by dropping their prime lending rate by a point, to 6.5%.

RETAILING

Hardball Express

There is no holiday cheer between American Express and Laura Ashley, the clothing chain. Last week the charge-card giant ceased doing business with the retailer, accusing Laura Ashley of persuading customers to use other cards. As a result, the 520 Ashley stores around the world have had to stop accepting Amex charges. Ashley had been trying for some time to bargain down the fees it pays for purchases on the card. The bicker exploded into a brawl when a shopper, who turned out to be an American Express executive, was discouraged from using her card at an Ashley store in New Jersey.

AIRLINES

A Farewell To His Fleet

Few things symbolized the high-flying empire of Donald Trump better than the northeastern shuttle that bears his name. Last week USAir reached a deal to fly and possibly purchase the airline. "I loved it," confesses Trump about his airline. "But the

world's changed a lot. We're absolutely in a depression." Trump had stopped making interest payments on the shuttle, which he bought in 1989. As a result, bankers have been trying to find someone else to operate it. While details of the deal still need to be pounded out, Trump can at least look forward to some freedom from creditors. Says he: "The deal gets me out of \$360 million in debt, which is fabulous."



Drexel ex-chief Joseph takes his lumps

WALL STREET

Shunned by The Big Board

For years, former Drexel Burnham chief Frederick Joseph has spent his weekends forging metal at his country home in

New Jersey. Now he's likely to have even more time to perfect his craft. Last week the New York Stock Exchange suspended Joseph for two years for his allegedly lax stewardship of the bankrupt firm, where he oversaw junk-bond king Michael Milken. The Big Board's rebuke prohibits Joseph from acting as a manager or supervisor at its member firms and bars him from owning a controlling interest in those companies. The penalty won't force Joseph to earn his living by the forge. He'll be allowed to consult Drexel in its litigation against Milken and others. Joseph's salary: \$350,000.



The founder and CEO: Yes, Virginia, there really is a Lisa Frank

TOYS

The Queen Of Stickers

Children, especially girls, are stuck on stickers. That's why Lisa Frank Inc. is hot. Founded in 1979, the firm is a household name among the younger set for making Day-Glo stickers as well as notebooks, pencils and stationery. The company expects to sell 20 million items this year, including 3.5 million stickers, doubling last year's sales.

The company gets thou-

sands of letters from young customers, many asking whether there really is a Lisa Frank. There is. The founder and chief executive is closely involved in creating hundreds of designs ranging from unicorns, Dalmatians and bears to ballet slippers and hearts. Says Frank: "Our company is more of an artistic passion than just a business." The Arizona firm, which first distributed the products in department stores and later moved into discounters like Wal-Mart and Target, plans to expand soon into apparel, animation and video.

Ethics

Was She Right to Go Public?

After long insisting on anonymity, Willie Smith's accuser raises issues of fairness by revealing herself on TV

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

Her face was obscured at first by a small gray dot, then by a big blue one. Most stations bleeped out her name when it was mentioned during the trial. And news editors across the country wrestled with a tough question: whether to override a basic principle of journalism—to give the public all the available facts—in order to protect her wish for privacy and a chance to live a normal life after the case was closed. So when the woman who accused William Kennedy Smith of rape shed her anonymity on ABC's *PrimeTime Live* last week, the nation's press corps could have been excused a muted groan. What was the point of all that self-censoring if she was going to reveal herself on a TV talk show scarcely a week later?

Patricia Bowman—the name virtually every news organization now felt free to use—told ABC's Diane Sawyer that she came forward so that other rape victims would not be scared off by her experiences. "I'm not a blue blob. I'm a person," she said. "I have nothing to be ashamed of." According to her lawyer, David Roth, Bowman turned down offers of up to \$500,000 to tell her story, choosing Sawyer because of her "impeccable reputation for integrity." *PrimeTime* paid her nothing, but she told Sawyer she would not rule out taking money for future interviews.



Not a blob: Bowman on *PrimeTime Live*

Editors and broadcast executives were justified in feeling disconcerted. "I think we did the right thing [to hide her identity]," said Tom Johnson, president of CNN. "But I do feel awkward about it now." Johnson and other news executives said her about-face will not change their attitude toward identifying rape victims. Explained an ABC News spokesperson: "Our policy is not to reveal the names of rape

victims unless they choose. If at any time during the process they choose to go public, then we would name them." One news organization that may feel vindicated: NBC, the only TV network that consistently broadcast Bowman's name.

For the most part, the press was extraordinarily deferential toward Bowman. One news organization that initially named her, the *New York Times*, reversed itself after an early article describing Bowman's background drew heavy criticism. Even after the acquittal, most news organizations continued to withhold her name.

Bowman's appearance raised other fairness questions: Should she be allowed, after the prosecution failed to prove her charges in court, to reargue the case on the TV talk-show circuit, where there are no rules of evidence? That, at least, is a double-edged sword. Under Sawyer's questioning, Bowman reiterated her version of events on the night she claims she was raped. But she also had to face questions about issues that were kept out of the trial, like her alleged drug use, abortions, and her experiences as an abused child. No one, of course, can be denied a chance to tell his or her side of a controversial story, and appearing on TV talk shows has become almost a constitutional right in America. But the sight of Bowman going public in prime time will surely linger in the minds of news executives the next time a victim's plea for privacy clashes with the prerogatives of a free press.

—With reporting by

Sophonra Scott Gregory/New York

Health

The Case for Mutticare

If you think the cost of medical care for humans is getting out of hand . . .

Decent health care costs big bucks. But treating four-legged, furry or feathered invalids doesn't come cheap either. Consider this Christmas fable—a true story—about Flash, an eight-year-old golden retriever currently living in Washington.

Two weeks ago, the dog suddenly collapsed and pitched down the stairs. His distraught owners, afraid to move their beloved pet themselves, called an animal ambulance (cost: \$25). Minutes later the comatose canine had been placed on a stretcher and rushed off to the emergency

room. There a veterinarian ordered up a battery of diagnostic tests and treatments, many of which would have been unobtainable for humans only a few years ago.

Flash's problem seemed to be self-inflicted—a bleeding stomach wound caused by his habit of chewing up and swallowing every splintery stick he could get his teeth on. But first the vet had to rule out rat poison and cancer with a blood test (\$45) and a liver scan (\$140). Then there was the emergency work-up (\$45), followed by a catheter (\$30), urinalysis (\$22), a steroid injection and lab work to check organ function (\$71); anesthesia (\$345); an IV attached to a leg (\$110); a biopsy (\$45); upper and lower gastrointestinal endoscopy for fiber-optic images of his stomach, small intestine and colon (\$75); antibiotics and Tagamet for the ulcer (\$25); plus five days of hospitalization (\$200).

The final reckoning, which listed 29 items, came to \$1,036.40. Plus \$30 for a shampoo to wash away that nasty kennel

odor. Flash will be sleeping on his favorite rug underneath the Christmas tree this week. Santa may bring him a nice rubber toy to chew on instead of those lethal sticks. And how about a pet health-insurance plan for his impoverished owners? ■



JOHN ANDERSON/ILLUSTRATION

COVER STORIES

Handmaid Or Feminist?

More and more people around the world are worshipping Mary—and it's led to a holy struggle over what she really stands for

By RICHARD N. OSTLING

When her womb was touched by eternity 2,000 years ago, the Virgin Mary of Nazareth uttered a prediction: "All generations will call me blessed." Among all the women who have ever lived, the mother of Jesus Christ is the most celebrated, the most venerated, the most portrayed, the most honored in the naming of girl babies and churches. Even the Koran praises her chastity and faith. Among Roman Catholics, the Madonna is recognized not only as the Mother of God but also, according to modern Popes, as the Queen of the Universe, Queen of Heaven, Seat of Wisdom and even the Spouse of the Holy Spirit.

Mary may also be history's most controversial woman. For centuries Protestants have vehemently opposed her exaltation; papal pronouncements concerning her status have driven a wedge between the Vatican and the Eastern Orthodox Church. Conflict surrounds the notions that she remained ever a virgin, that she as well as Jesus was born without sin and that her sufferings at the Crucifixion were so great that she participated with her son in the redemption of humanity.

Yet even though the Madonna's presence has permeated the West for hundreds of years, there is still room for wonder—now perhaps more than ever. In an era when scientists debate the causes of the birth of the universe, both the adoration and the conflict attending Mary have risen to extraordinary levels. A grass-roots revival of faith in the Virgin is taking place worldwide. Millions of worshippers are flocking to her shrines, many of them young people. Even more remarkable are the number of claimed sightings of the Virgin, from Yugoslavia to Colorado, in the past few years.

These apparitions frequently embarrass clerics who have downplayed her role

since the Second Vatican Council of 1962-65. "It's all the fashion," sniffs Father Jacques Fournier of Paris, reflecting skepticism about the populist wave of sightings. The hierarchy is wary about most of the recent claims of miraculous appearances; only seven Marian sightings in this century have received official church blessing.

Church concern has served to highlight

"The world will recognize in due time that the defeat of communism came at the intercession of the mother of Jesus."

the most interesting aspect of the growing popular veneration: the theological tug-of-war taking place over Mary's image. Feminists, liberals and activists have stepped forward with new interpretations of the Virgin's life and works that challenge the notion of her as a passive handmaid of God's will and exemplar of some contested traditional family values. "Mary wants to get off the pedestal," says Kathy Denison, a former nun and current drug-and-alcohol counselor in San Francisco. "She wants to be a vital human being."

Whether they hold to those views or not, people the world over are traveling enormous distances to demonstrate in person their veneration of the Madonna. The late 20th century has become the age of the Marian pilgrimage. Examples:

At Lourdes, the biggest of France's 937 pilgrimage shrines, annual attendance in the past two years has jumped 10%, to 5.5 million. Many new visitors are East Europeans, now free to express their beliefs and to travel. Despite the inevitable attraction of Lourdes for the ill and aged, one-tenth of the faithful these days are 25 or younger. "We also have new kinds of pilgrimages," reports Loïc Bondu, a spokesman at the site. "They dance, they sing, they praise out loud. They're more exuberant."

In Knock, Ireland, where 15 people saw the Virgin a century ago, the lines of the faithful lengthened dramatically after Pope John Paul II paid a visit to the shrine in 1979. Since then, attendance has doubled, to 1.5 million people each year. To handle the influx, a new international airport was opened at Knock in 1986.

At Fátima, Portugal, the shrine marking the appearance of Mary before three children in 1917 draws a steady 4.5 million pilgrims a year from an ever widening array of countries. One million devotees turned out last May when John Paul made his second visit.

In Czestochowa, Poland, attendance at the shrine of the Black Madonna has increased to 5 million a year, rivaling Fátima and Lourdes, since John Paul's visit in 1979. Last August the Pope spoke there to 1 million Catholic youths.

In Emmitsburg, Md., attendance has doubled in the past year, to 500,000, at one of the oldest of 43 major Marian sites in the U.S., the National Shrine Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes.

The boom at such long-established sites is almost overshadowed by the cult of the Virgin that has developed through new reports of her personal appearances, most



Detail, *Our Lady of Czestochowa*, artist unknown

MOTHER OF GOD

The traditional view, taken from the Bible and ancient church creeds, is that Mary was a virgin when she conceived, so that Jesus did not have a human father and was truly the Son of God. Thereafter, Rome teaches, she retained virginal status.

The view of modern Catholic and Protestant liberals is that that account should not be taken literally. One feminist thinker contends that Jesus had a human father and that the main point is Mary was "not identified by her relationship with men."



The Annunciation

by Leonardo da Vinci

spectacularly at Medjugorje, Yugoslavia. Before Yugoslavia's civil war erupted and travel became much more difficult last September, more than 10 million pilgrims had flocked to the mountain village since the apparitions began in 1981. Six young peasants there claim that the Virgin has been imparting messages each evening for 10 years. Hundreds of ailments have been reported cured during visits to the region where the visitations take place. None of them have been verified, however, by the meticulous rules applied at Lourdes.

Paradoxically enough, the Medjugorje apparitions are a headache for the local Roman Catholic bishop, Pavao Zanic. He flatly asserts that "the Madonna has never said anything at Medjugorje." Our Lady, he snaps, has been turned into "a tourist attraction" and "a bank teller." The Vatican has intervened to determine whether Medjugorje is a fraud. Rome is officially noncommittal while the case remains open but advises bishops not to sponsor pilgrimages to the site.

Less spectacular appearances by the Virgin have attracted streams of the faithful in locales from Central America to the Slavic steppes. In Nicaragua, President Violeta Barrios de Chamorro is a strong believer in a series of visitations by the Madonna in the small town of Cuapa, where Mary was witnessed by a church caretaker several times from May through October of 1980. During a 1981 Mass celebrated at the spot by the Archbishop of Managua, with some 30,000 people in attendance, believers say the sun changed colors. In Hrushiv, Ukraine, tens of thousands of people gathered in 1987 after a 12-year-old claimed to see the Madonna hovering over a church that had been shut down by the ruling communists.

More recently, the Madonna has been

HANDMAID OF THE LORD

When the angel Gabriel brought the news of God's plan for the birth of the Messiah, says the Gospel of Luke, the young Nazarene girl said, "Let it be." Her response thus provides believers with the perfect model of humility and submissiveness.

Mary's submission was to God alone, not to Joseph or other male authority figures, feminists argue. Contemporary women can be inspired because Mary was a strong person who acted independently when she affirmed the course of her life.

seen in the U.S. Devotees by the thousands have been flocking to the Mother Cabrini shrine near Denver, where Theresa Lopez, 30, says the Virgin has appeared to her four times in the past seven weeks. Marian apparitions were reported by parish coordinator Ed Molloy at St. Dominic's Church in Colfax, Calif., for 13 weeks in a row last year, and there was a surprise reappearance six weeks ago. In Our Lady of the Pillar Church of Santa Ana, Calif., Mary's image has been seen by Mexican immigrant Irma Villegas on the mosaics each morning since October, boosting attendance at 7 a.m. Mass enormously. Says Villegas: "Mary told me to talk to people about it so I did."

This being the late 20th century, Americans participating in these epiphanies are doing something about it: networking. Says Mimi Kelly of Louisiana's Mir [Peace] Group: "People come back with a burning desire to do something good for mankind." Some 300 groups of Medjugorje believers exist across the U.S., publishing at least 30 newsletters and holding a dozen conferences a year. There are 70 telephone hot lines that feature the Virgin's messages from Yugoslavia: in Alabama dial MOMMARY. Over the past 16 months a Texas foundation has put up 6,500 billboards inspired by Medjugorje. The huge signs say the Virgin appeared "to tell you God loves you."

No one can take more satisfaction in the growth of faith in the Virgin—or feel

more unease at some of the pathways it has taken—than John Paul II. Devotion to Mary was ingrained in the Pope in his Polish homeland, where over the centuries the Madonna has been hailed for turning back troops of the Muslim Turks, Swedish Lutherans and, in 1920, Soviet Bolsheviks. The precious Black Madonna icon was a mobilizing symbol for the country's efforts to throw off communism, and is still a unifying image for the entire nation.

When he was made a bishop in 1958, John Paul emblazoned a golden *M* on his coat of arms and chose as his Latin motto "*Totus Tuus*" (All Yours)—referring to Mary, not Christ. Once he put on St. Peter's ring, John Paul made Mary's unifying power a centerpiece of his papal arsenal. He has visited countless Marian shrines during his globe trotting, and invokes the Madonna's aid in nearly every discourse and prayer that he delivers. He firmly believes that her personal intercession spared his life when he was shot at St. Peter's Square in Rome in 1981; the assassination attempt occurred on May 13, the exact anniversary of the first Fátima apparition.

Moreover, John Paul is firmly convinced, as are many others, that Mary brought an end to communism throughout Europe. His faith is rooted in the famed prophecies of Mary at Fátima in 1917. According to Sister Lucia, one of the children who claimed to see her, the Virgin predicted the rise of Soviet totalitarianism before it happened. In a subsequent vision, she di-

rected the Pope and his bishops to consecrate Russia to her Immaculate Heart in order to bring communism to an end.

The Virgin in Prayer
by Sassoterrato

According to Lucia, papal attempts to carry out that consecration failed in 1942, '52 and '82. John Paul finally carried out Mary's directive correctly in 1984—and the very next year Mikhail Gorbachev's rise to power inaugurated the Soviet collapse. Says Father Robert Fox of the Fatima Family Shrine in Alexandria, S. Dak.: "The world will recognize in due time that the defeat of communism came at the intercession of the mother of Jesus."

With such a powerful institutional presence behind the effort to revive Mary's influence, it was to be expected, at least to some degree, that her popularity would grow. What was far less predictable was the outpouring of new interpretations of the Virgin's message for believers. In his writings, the Pope has given a conservative tilt to the meaning of Mary's life. The Pontiff's 1988 apostolic letter *Mulieris Dignitatem* (On the Dignity and Vocation of Women), citing positions taken at Vatican II, declared that "the Blessed Virgin came first as an eminent and singular exemplar of both virginity and motherhood." He extolled both states as ways women could find their dignity.

John Paul's traditionalist leanings find their most pointed expression in the Pope's continued refusal to consider the ordination of women as priests. The Vatican's argument is that if Christ had wanted women priests or bishops, Mary above all would have become one. On the other hand, John Paul does not argue that women must shun careers just because Mary was a homebody. Although the Pope lauds Mary for her submissiveness, it is in relation to God, not to male-dominated society.

But a much more aggressive view of Mary is emerging from feminist circles within the church, emphasizing her autonomy, independence and earthiness. Old-fashioned views of the Virgin, complains Sister Elizabeth Johnson, a Fordham University professor of theology, "make her appear above the earth, remote and passive," with "no sex and no sass." She adds, "There's still a strong element of that in the present hierarchy."

The revisionist views of the Madonna claim her as an active heroine who was variously an earth mother and a crusader for social justice. Mary, says Sister Lavinia Byrne, who works with non-Catholic groups in Britain, stood by loyally during her son's crucifixion while all but one of his male disciples ran away. Her agreement to bear the Son of God, argues Ivone Leal of Portugal's Commission on the Status of Women, was the act of "a strong woman. She followed her son's adventurous life, which was known to be doomed to failure, and always sustained him." Says French writer Nicole Echivard: "The Mother of God is the one from whom



THE BRANCO COLLECTION

MOTHER OF BELIEVERS

The traditional view is that Mary led a perfect life on earth and now reigns as Queen of Heaven. There she continues to pray to help believers. Mary is the most powerful of the saints in interceding with God and dispensing gifts to supplicants.

Modernists argue that the notion of the woman who was free of original sin and rules as a heavenly monarch detaches Mary too much from the rest of humanity. She should be taken off her pedestal and understood as a flesh-and-blood woman.

women are created in their preference for love and for people, rather than for power or machinery. Mary is the most liberated, the most determined, the most responsible of all mothers."

Others emphasize the political dimension. "Mary stood up for the poor and oppressed," says Sister Mary O'Driscoll, a professor at the Dominican order's Angelicum university in Rome. She and others point out that in the Magnificat (*Luke 1*), the pregnant Mary declared that God "has put down the mighty from their thrones and exalted those of low degree; he has filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he has sent empty away."

The activist interpretations do not necessarily run counter to Vatican teaching. Back in 1974 Pope Paul VI portrayed Mary

as a "woman of strength who experienced poverty and suffering, flight and exile." John Paul II has said much the same thing, referring to Mary's "self-offering totality of love; the strength that is capable of bearing the greatest sorrows; limitless fidelity and tireless devotion to work."

But some other views strike dangerously close to fundamental Catholic truths. Among them:

Virginal Conception. The Gospels of *Matthew* and *Luke* state that Mary was a virgin and that Jesus was conceived miraculously without a human father. This belief is also included in the ancient creeds, and traditional Christians insist upon it. Some liberal Catholic scholars, however, increasingly follow liberal Protestant thinkers and



Pietà by
Giovanni Bellini

LADY OF SORROWS

In the past, Popes have deemed Mary's maternal sufferings at the Crucifixion to be so profound that she took part with Jesus in the mystery of salvation and that therefore she should be recognized as the Co-Redeemer of humanity.

Catholicism now avoids the term Co-Redeemer, which offends other churches. Feminists note that Mary stayed by Jesus' side at the Crucifixion while male disciples fled. Liberationists see her sufferings in terms of political injustice.

doubt that this was literally true. Father Raymond Brown, the leading U.S. Catholic authority on the Bible, has declared the issue "unresolved." Jane Schaberg, who chairs the religion department at the University of Detroit, goes further. She contends, to traditionalist scorn, that the unwed Mary was impregnated by a man other than fiancé Joseph and that she was a liberated woman who was "not identified or destroyed by her relationship with men."

Perpetual Virginity. A Catholic and Orthodox tradition 15 centuries old holds that Mary was ever virgin, meaning that she and Joseph never had sex and that the "brothers" of Jesus mentioned in the Bible were cousins. This idea consolidated the tradition of celibacy for priests and nuns. Protestants reject the belief as antisexual and lacking in biblical support. Liberal Catholic theologian Uta Ranke-Heinemann of Germany contends that the notion of a celibate clergy demeaned women by robbing Mary of sexuality and normal motherhood. This is, Ranke-Heinemann declares, "a monstrous product of neurotic sexual fantasy." Responds a Vatican official: "The church doesn't have problems with sex. The world does."

Immaculate Conception. This tenet holds that Mary was conceived without original sin. The concept was popular for

centuries but was not defined as Catholic dogma by the papacy until 1854, partly in response to popular pressure stirred up by Marian apparitions. Unofficial belief adds that Mary lived a perfect life. Protestants insist the Bible portrays Jesus as the only sinless person. Marina Warner, author of *Alone of All Her Sex: The Myth and Cult of the Virgin Mary*, contends that Rome's dogma artificially sets Mary apart from the rest of the human race.

There is yet another kind of rethinking of Mary going on. Protestants see no biblical basis for praying to her for favors, and they believe veneration of her can slide into worship that is due to God alone. They also reject the idea that human beings, Mary included, can contribute to humanity's salvation. Nonetheless, some Protestants are softening aspects of their hostility. Church of England theologian John Macquarrie has proposed revisions of such dogmas as the Assumption of Mary into heaven, which could then be seen as a symbol of the redemption that awaits all believers. Theologian Donald Bloesch of the University of Dubuque says fellow conservative Protestants "need to see Mary as the pre-eminent saint" and "the mother of the church." Similar convergences will receive a thorough airing in February, when U.S. Catholic and Lutheran negotiators issue an ac-

cord, years in the making, on Mary's role.

The shift in the debate over Mary represents a delayed backlash against the influence of the Second Vatican Council, which made Mary emphatically subordinate to her son in church teachings. Prior to Vatican II, Popes had proclaimed Mary the Co-Redeemer with Jesus. During the council, bishops were under pressure from the faithful to ratify the Co-Redeemer doctrine; instead they issued no decree on Mary at all. Rather she was incorporated into the *Constitution on the Church*, a move that placed the Virgin among the community of believers in Christ rather than in anything resembling a co-equal position.

The effects of that downplaying have rippled through the observances of the church to the point that Mary's statues have been removed from some sanctuaries and Catholic parishes have gradually reduced the traditional novena devotions to the Virgin. John Paul clearly thinks the reconsideration went too far, and his fellow venerated of Mary agree. In Eastern Europe, says Warsaw priest Roman Indrzejczyk, enthusiasm for Mary is no less than a "reaction to the matter-of-fact religiousness of the West."

Behind Vatican II's reconsideration of the Virgin and some of the uneasiness expressed over her populist revival, say feminists, is a concern over making Mary into a competitive divinity, a tradition common to many of the pagan religions that Christianity superseded. Remarks Warner: "The great terror is that she will be worshipped above her son."

Even for feminists who have no desire to go that far, the idea of a return, however marginal, to that notion of supernatural feminine power is alluring. Says Sandra Schneiders, a professor at the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley: "There has been a stupendous upsurge in goddess research and the feminine divinity as an antecedent to the male god. It's not unrelated that the Virgin Mary's popularity has also increased. Judeo-Christianity has been exclusively male, leaving a gap that cries out for feminine divinity."

It seems clear, though, that the world is crying out for many things from Mary, and in some fashion is receiving them. Devoted mother or militant, independent female or suffering parent, she remains one of the most compelling and evocative icons of Western civilization. Renewed expressions of her vitality and relevance are signs that millions of people are still moved by her mystery and comforted by the notion of her caring. Whatever aspect of Mary they choose to emphasize and embrace, those who seek her out surely find something only a holy mother can provide. —With reporting by Hannah Bloch/New York, Greg Burke/Medjugorje, Robert T. Zintl/Rome, and other bureaus

OFFICIAL SPONSOR
OF THE U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM



Chrysler Understands Family Matters

Here's a little something you should know, before your family pulls out of the driveway.

Safety. Innovation. Family Security.

For Chrysler, safety is more than just dedication, it's a commitment.

We were the first, for instance, to put a driver's side air bag in our minivans and in all of our U.S. built cars. Plus, our optional All-Wheel Drive and Anti-lock Brakes take safety one step further to give you better road traction, help you retain steer-

ing control, and prevent wheel lock-up.

And we didn't forget the little people either. Child protection locks in our vehicles prevent rear doors from being opened from the inside.* And what may be one of the most significant safety innovations of this decade, integrated child seats in our minivans. The world's first

integrated child seat that wonderfully combines child security with comfort and convenience.

At Chrysler, we know that behind every great innovation there is a little inspiration. For more information regarding Chrysler vehicles, call 1-800-92-ADVANTAGE.

ADVANTAGE: CHRYSLER



BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY.

CHRYSLER PLYMOUTH DODGE DODGE TRUCKS JEEP EAGLE

*Not available on all vehicles

How to Believe in Miracles

Some of them, like reported apparitions of the Virgin, should be approached warily. But even more amazing miracles can be found and embraced every day.

By LANCE MORROW

People thought the sun was spinning in the sky. Some of them stared directly into the blazing light. They hoped to see the Virgin Mary there. A local housewife named Theresa Lopez had had visions of Mary and promised an apparition. Six thousand of the hopeful stared up at heaven near Lookout Mountain. T-shirts (MOTHER CABRINI SHRINE and FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION) sold for \$20 each. The bottles of HOLY WATER, MEANS OF SPIRITUAL HEALTH were free.

Theresa Lopez said she saw the Virgin "wearing a gold gown . . . surrounded by pink, sparkling lights." Everyone else saw blue sky and stabbing sunlight. When the day was over, a woman named Kathy left the Mother Cabrini Shrine near Denver disillusioned. She had brought her two-year-old son, who is mentally and physically disabled, because she thought the Virgin would help him.

Now yellow and green dots danced before her eyes. A doctor told her that when she stared at the sun, she burned both her retinas and damaged the central line of her vision. "I go up there to pray with one disabled member of my family and come home with two," she said bitterly. "I'm done praying. In a way, I'm angry with God."

Denver's Archbishop J. Francis Stafford advised Catholics to stop going to the shrine in the hope of visions. He warned about unreliable "private revelations" and appointed a committee to examine the Lopez case.

The realm of the miraculous sometimes lies just across the border from the fanatical or the tacky. Miracles may turn into roadside tourist traps, Fellini scenes. A revelation may go commercial and look like a snake farm beside the highway in North Florida. The transcendent moment falls from grace and spoils on the ground like rotten fruit. So the territory of the miraculous must be approached carefully, by stages, passing from the gaudiest, shabbiest outer display toward what may, occasionally, turn out to be a deeper truth.

Even the most accomplished soul may be ambivalent about miracles. The Buddha disapproved of them. Once, by the bank of a river, he met an ascetic who claimed that after practicing austerity for 25 years, he was at last able to cross the river by walking on the water. The Buddha said he was sorry that the man had wasted so much time



Theresa Lopez prays at the shrine where she had her vision

and effort: the ferryboat would take him across for one penny.

Still, the Buddha understood the theatrical possibilities. In his native city of Kapilavastu, the Buddha rose in the air, emitted flames and streams of water from his body, and walked in the sky. In order to convince his relatives of his spiritual powers, he cut his body into pieces, let his head and limbs fall to the ground, and then joined them all together again before the astonished audience.

A miracle is a wonder, a beam of supernatural power injected into history. Up There descends Down Here for an instant. The world connects to a mystery—a happening that cannot be explained in the terms of ordinary life.

Is the miracle an external event occurring in the real, objective world? Or is it a sort of hallucination, an event of the imagination? During the '60s, that hallucinatory decade, the writer Carlos Castaneda sought illumination with his teacher Don Juan through the use of peyote, Jimson-

weed and mushroom dust. Drug miracles: Castaneda found himself having conversations with a bilingual coyote and looking at a 100-ft.-tall gnat with spiky, tufted hair and drooling jaws.

The noblest miracles, arising not from drugs but from creativity, are events of the imagination. Yet skeptics dismiss miracles as being "merely" imaginary. Cicero argued doggedly, "Nothing happens without a cause, and nothing happens unless it can happen. When that which can happen does in fact happen, it cannot be considered a miracle. Hence, there are no miracles."

Elie Wiesel quotes a Hasidic rabbi's prayer, "I have but one request; may I never use my reason against truth." Wiesel's grandfather believed "An objective Hasid is not a Hasid." The value of miracles hinges upon these distinctions. The subjective and objective flow into one another until the distinction between the two is meaningless, just as the distinction between God and human vanishes. Reason has its mechanical uses in an ordinary world but is counterproductive in the high-

er realms that miracles inhabit. So says the believer's mystic line.

The miraculous moves with a dreamy, dangerous ease across the boundaries of spiritual illumination, insanity and fiction. Miracles are like wonders of the storyteller's invention, full of surprise. They belong somehow to an oral tradition. They form pictures in the mind: living hieroglyphs, dramas of sanctity. This is work connected to the power of the supernatu-

The traditional religious miracle—an apparition of the Virgin, say—occupies a problematic place in a technological world. Such a vision may not be the strongest card that divinity could play in the late 20th century, when the globe is overstimulated by its extravagant secular wonders.

Is it a miracle when the heart of a man newly dead is lifted from his chest and installed in another man who is dying—whereupon the heart comes throbbing to

technological wonders, traditional religious miracles do not have to top themselves from one year to the next. Secular miracles become obsolete: the first silent movies were miraculous. Then the talkies were miraculous. Then television. When miracles can be superseded by new miracles, they have descended from the realm of the absolute. Miracles become mortal.

Can miracles be programmed onto microchips and still belong to the category of the miraculous? Can the wonder of the other world, the hypothetical perfection, be dreamed up, designed and turned into products? A perfect digital reproduction of the *Ninth Symphony* owes its miraculousness not to the manufacturer of the sound system but to the divinity in Beethoven's music.

The supernatural has taken a thousand routes into the ordinary world. Sometimes the deed is the miracle. A candidate to become a Manchu shaman might put on a miraculous performance by cutting nine holes in the ice in winter—then diving into the first hole, emerging from the second hole, diving into the third and so on. Survival yields a shaman.

It is human nature to be awed by the electrical displays of God the Father. The deeper miracles are less garish. In any case, it is odd to look for healings, apparitions and other performance miracles when every bird's feather and fish's scale proclaims divinity. The miracle is creation itself.

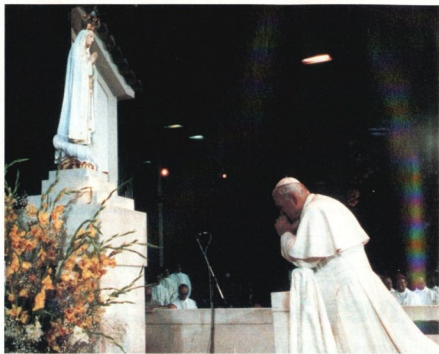
Miracles take the form of lives. Abraham Lincoln was a miracle. Divinity poured almost spontaneously out of Mozart. Surely when it is time for the Catholic Church to canonize Mother Teresa, it will seem redundant for a panel of theologians in Rome to ask for proof of miracles she performed. She herself is the miracle.

A miracle makes an opening in the wall that separates this world and another. Divinity, another dimension, may flow through the aperture. A darker force could pass through the aperture as well. Or the whole thing may be only a magic trick.

The gaudier miracles are entertaining. A few of them may be authentic by Vatican standards. But a miracle without purpose is mostly a trick. Far from tourist trap and snake farm, there is the Ur-miracle from which all miracles derive. It is useful, simple, transforming and persuasive. It cannot be faked. It is love.

—Reported by

D. Blake Hallanan/San Francisco



The Pope at Fátima on the 10th anniversary of his shooting, thanking Mary for sparing his life

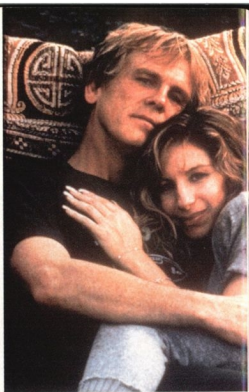
ral, implicated with the business of creation.

Christ performed at least 35 miracles—walking on water, healing the sick, multiplying the loaves and fishes, turning water into wine, raising the dead. Why? Did he perform them to establish his identity, to persuade the people of his power? To solidify their faith? To show dramatically that God took such an interest in his creation? The Incarnation, as C.S. Lewis wrote, was the greatest of Christian miracles, the profound transaction in which the Word became flesh. God, the principle of eternity, becomes one with the human, earthly and mortal. The birth sanctified all human birth.

What is the use of traditional miracles now? Perhaps, as Elie Wiesel once suggested, people need reassurance that miracles are still possible, even for them: the dreariest fate may be reversed. The miracle is antidote to the despair that arises from sheer inevitability. The disintegration of Soviet communism, said to have been foretold at Fátima, has had a surreal quality of the miraculous reversal about it.

life in the chest of the second man, and he walks away and lives on for years? The event is repeated every day on medical assembly lines around the world. What is surgical plumbing today would have been a biblical masterpiece of wonder. Even commonplace achievements of technology, like telephones, fax machines, television, communications satellites and computers, suffuse the earth with a sort of preternatural glow. The people of the industrialized world have become consumers of secularized miracles—and the people of the Third World yearn for such products with a kind of religious ardor. Show a developing Polaroid picture to a man in a remote forest of Africa or South America. The developing image (his own, perhaps) seems to him more astonishing and supernatural than the Shroud of Turin.

Whose work are such miracles? Are they wonders divine or human? Traditional miracles—for example, cures at Lourdes—have a certain quaintness about them, a period quality. Unlike secular



Coupling cultures: Mary McDonnell and Kevin Kline in *Grand Canyon*; Nick Nolte and Barbra Streisand in *The Prince of Tides*; Kimberly Williams, George

Cinema

Santa Leaves a Six-Pack

In half a dozen Christmas movies, Hollywood worries a lot, has an affair, pays for a wedding, loses its faith and the rain forest, and gets stoned

GRAND CANYON

The business of the movies is to reassure us. The boy eventually gets the girl; the bad guy bites the dust. And maybe *Grand Canyon*, which ends on a subdued but nevertheless optimistic note, must finally be construed as a conventionally cheering film.

But before it brings most of its principals to the edge of the title gorge, there to commune with a symbol of the timeless universe's indifference to our petty bedevils, the film accomplishes something remarkable: it forces us to contemplate the fragility of our everyday arrangements, the ease with which brutal chance can void the habits and relationships we count on to give life its continuity. It is hard to think of another American movie that has so directly, even naively, confronted the basic source of our existential unease. Or done so with such easy humor and graceful sentiment.

Grand Canyon's structure is rewardingly complex, intertwining disparate lives that represent a fair cross section of big-city life. The fulcrum character, discovered in a slightly off-center condition, which will

get worse before it gets better, is a mildly depressed, mildly humorous man named Mack (Kevin Kline). The process that will force him to higher consciousness begins when his car breaks down in a bad neighborhood and his life is threatened by a menacing gang, then saved by Simon (Danny Glover), a lonely tow-truck operator. The episode is Mack's first lesson in just how tenuous our grip on normality is.

Others quickly follow. Mack's discreet little affair with his secretary (Mary-Louise Parker) threatens to become indiscreet. His best friend, a heedless movie producer (Steve Martin), is permanently crippled in a mugging. His wife Claire (the luminous Mary McDonnell) discovers an abandoned baby on her morning run and, afflicted by empty-nest malaise (their son is growing up), begins a campaign to adopt the foundling. An earthquake thunders through town, a neighbor dies suddenly, and overhead the police helicopters endlessly circle, their probing searchlights constant reminders of disorder and imminent sorrow.

Against which everyone bravely, touch-

ingly, builds his or her none-too-sturdy defenses. Mack, in fact, turns into a benign busybody, trying to pat almost all the lives that touch his into shape. His work comes out a little too neatly, but Kline's performance, like all the others, is engagingly soft-spoken. And well spoken. The screenplay—by Lawrence and Meg Kasdan—has a nice, unforced wit, and Lawrence Kasdan's direction has its jagged edges. If sometimes this loose and anecdotal film loses dramatic pace, it always rights itself. And it remains steadily in touch with its best qualities—generosity, common sense and a mature decency that is neither smug nor sentimental.

—By Richard Schickel

THE PRINCE OF TIDES

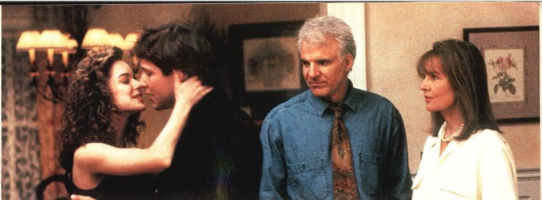
There's the love story, of course, in which opposites warily circle, passionately and adulterously engage, and ruefully part. Then there's the memory piece, in which a man comes to grips with the dark, dangerous and deeply buried secret of his childhood and by so doing achieves peace and self-reconciliation. There's comedy too:



RENTAL/SONY

JOHN HANSEN

RAUL KAPUT CO.



BERENGER/SONY



Newbern, Steve Martin and Diane Keaton in *Father of the Bride*; Tom Berenger in *At Play in the Fields of the Lord*; August Schellenberg in *Black Robe*

shrewd bumpkin goes to New York City and shows them city slickers a thing or two. Finally, there's a teacher-student relationship that leads to some mutually instructive, emotionally gratifying male bonding.

Wow! Four movies for the price of one. *The Prince of Tides* may be the biggest bargain of these recessionary holidays. Excessive is the word for director Barbra Streisand's movie—and not an entirely pejorative one either. It is adapted—by Pat Conroy and Becky Johnston—from Conroy's romantic, sentimental and gothic novel, which has attracted a passionate following precisely because, in an age when most serious fiction has a pinched quality, his work is so gloriously unbuttoned.

The movie is as lush visually as Conroy's book is lush verbally. There is something tidal—that is to say, patiently incoercible—in its rhythms. And as Tom Wingo, protagonist of all the movies Streisand is sweeping along on the imagistic current she has unleashed, Nick Nolte gives a force-of-nature performance—shrewd and glib, bitter and innocent, bigger than life but still in touch with it.

Good father, impotent husband, unemployed football coach and tormented modern male, he is summoned to New York because his sister Savannah, a poet, has again attempted suicide. It develops, of course, that her psychiatrist, Susan Lowenstein (played not entirely believably by the director), has a life as miserable as Tom's. Her husband (Jeroen Krabbé) is a cold, egomaniacal concert violinist, her son (played well by Streisand's real-life son Jason

Gould) the victim of the *Golden Boy* syndrome, torn between the violin and a rough sport (in this case football).

With all this trouble, can a love affair—healing for him, liberating for her—be far behind? Unfortunately, the look that Streisand imparts to this passage—that of a commercial for a feminine-hygiene product—is a deal breaker, the moment at which at least some portion of the audience is likely to realize that their eager-to-please saleslady has been soft-soaping a hard sell all along. By slamming several minor domestic dramas together in one handsomely presented package, *Tides* achieves the length and weight of an epic. But it is a false epic, a grandiose delusion compounded of conventional problems, easy sentiments and pretty pictures.

—R.S.

FATHER OF THE BRIDE

Annie (Kimberly Williams) is home from Europe with big news. Good news, if you are not her father George (Steve Martin). She met a guy, she's in love, they're getting married. The first pleasure this sentimental comedy offers is the sight of Martin's reaction to Annie's plans: the tan seems to seep off his magnificently fretful face. He will pay for this wedding in many ways.

On its surface, *Father of the Bride* is a parable for the New Depression, in which a middle-class family is expected to pony up \$100,000 or so in lieu of letting a young couple elope. At heart, though, the story is about the deep, complex, poignant love a man has for his daughter: it's the Lolita syndrome without the lust but with every

bit of the doting possessiveness. Annie's budding maturity means that George can no longer even pretend he is young; her engagement is a renunciation of their old flirtatious bond. "I was no longer the man in my little girl's life," he says with a sigh. For this father, a wedding is a funeral.

Back in 1950, when middle-class values were less besieged, MGM told this story sharply and beautifully, with two stars—Spencer Tracy and Elizabeth Taylor—who were born to play Everydad and Gorgeous Gal. Neither the '90s nor the husband-wife team of Nancy Meyers and Charles Shyer (they wrote the new version, she co-produced, he directed) can match the original film's grace or wit. The humor is sometimes gross, often wan. Which doesn't mean you can't shed an agreeable tear at the climax, or take pleasure in recalling what weddings, families and movies were like in the chapel of optimism where, once upon a time, America worshipped.

—By Richard Corliss

AT PLAY IN THE FIELDS OF THE LORD AND BLACK ROBE

Not so long ago, even nonbelievers looked upon them with a certain awe. It took courage for priests and ministers to go among the savage heathens, trying to claim their souls for a Christian God. Now, in the age of cultural relativism, even some believers look upon these evangelicals skeptically; who are they to impose their beliefs on others? Amazing how the missionary position, or perhaps one should say our position on missionaries, has changed.

At Play in the Fields of the Lord presents

a team of Fundamentalist interlopers in the Amazon rain forest whose leader, Leslie Huben (John Lithgow), has made a secret deal with local authorities to help drive an isolated, innocent tribe off its valuable land. Martin Quarrier (Aidan Quinn), the man directly in charge of bringing the good word to the natives, starts losing faith after his son dies and his wife (Kathy Bates) rather too colorfully goes bonkers.

Their behavior is contrasted to that of the noble half-savage Lewis Moon (Tom Berenger), a bush pilot who is part American Indian. He crashes his plane near the endangered tribe's village, dons a teeny-weeny bikini and passes himself off as one of their sky gods. He means well, but he too carries civilization's taint: the virus of lust, for Huben's wife (Daryl Hannah), which will lead to the villagers' destruction.

This is supposed to be a tragedy. But the contrivances are so loopy that the film often plays like a comedy: Monty Python on an off day. The rest of the time it plays like a documentary—PBS on an off night—as director Hector Babenco solemnly records native customs, an activity that accounts for much of the absurd three-hour length.

Black Robe, in contrast, is dark and stark, the perfectly controlled story of one Father Laforgue (Lothaire Bluteau), a 17th century Jesuit priest whose burning faith is expressed as an obsessive desire to save the souls of Canada's Huron Indians. They are relentlessly cruel, licentious, obscene in their behavior, squalid in their way of life. Yet as it is slowly revealed to him, their religion—a thing of dark dreams, not texts, and peopled by forest spirits—is in its way as subtle as his own, and perhaps rather more suited to this harsh environment.

In the end, priest and natives can do no more than grant one another their mutual

irredeemability, the dignity of their otherness. Screenwriter Brian Moore, adapting his novel, avoids anachronistic political correctness, and director Bruce Beresford refuses melodramatic imposition—no dancing with wolves for them. This magnificently austere epic makes us too feel (and taste and smell) that otherness, the discomfiting strangeness of these lives, the authentic tragedy of their collision. —**R.S.**



Peter Weller in *Naked Lunch*: even the humans are verminous

NAKED LUNCH

"The unfilmable *Naked Lunch*." Even this movie's producer called William S. Burroughs' 1959 novel that, and he was right. A gallimaufry of hallucinations, literary gossip and medical info, Burroughs' confession of a hipster junkie is its own X-rated movie, so vivid is its evocation of a mind gone bad, a soul shriveled. "Gentle reader," he writes, "the ugliness of that spectacle buggers description." Which Burroughs of course describes, in language both raw and heroically ironic. The novel is a detective story in which the private eye is

desperate to forget, not learn, life's mysteries; or maybe sci-fi set in the lunar wastes of an addict's mind; or else it's a spy story, in which the secret agent is bug powder.

Bugy could be the name of the film David Cronenberg has woven from remnants of *Naked Lunch*. Its main character, Bill Lee (Peter Weller), is an exterminator who sees roaches everywhere—not least because his wife Joan (Judy Davis) has been stealing the bug powder he needs for his job; she cuts the stuff with baby laxative and injects it into her breast. "It's a Kafka high," she says. "You feel like a bug." In his daymares, Bill is visited by beetles—big ugly things, chatting away through purulent orifices—that send him on a spy mission into the Tangier of his delirium. Typewriters turn into bugs, and so do the humans Bill meets, who are verminous to begin with. Cronenberg, whose 1986 movie *The Fly* was a great parable of love and decay, takes this line as his mandate: "Exterminate all rational thought."

The movie welds snippets of scenes from the novel to elements of the writer's life: his accidental shooting of his wife Joan; his friendships with Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, Paul and Jane Bowles; his own sepulchral charisma. With his cracked voice and deadpan insolence, Burroughs was the Beat Generation's W.C. Fields—a raconteur of depravity, a cracker-barrel coroner. Weller gets the haunted look right, but he can't get inside the junkie's pocked skin. Burroughs lived and nearly died there; Cronenberg and the actors are only visiting. The movie is way too colorful—cute, in a repulsive way, with its crawly special effects—and tame compared with its source. Instead of an insider's view of drug despair, Cronenberg takes us to the Hell Pavilion at Walt Disney World. —**R.C.**

Milestones

MARRIED. **Jane Fonda**, 54, aerobic movie star and erstwhile political activist; and **Ted Turner**, 53, mercurial founder of the Turner Broadcasting System and Cable News Network; both for the third time; at his 8,000-acre Florida ranch.

EXONERATED. **William Barry**, 64, former bodyguard of Senator Robert Kennedy; on charges that he misled Palm Beach police when they investigated Patricia Bowman's claim that she had been raped by William Kennedy Smith; in West Palm Beach, Fla. Police said Barry, who was visiting the Kennedy estate on the weekend when Bowman said Smith attacked her, deceived investigators when they came to the estate on March 31. Barry told police that none of the Kennedys were at the mansion, when in fact Senator Edward Kennedy, his son

and Smith were there. Smith's prosecutor charged that Barry was part of a cover-up, but a grand jury found insufficient evidence to bring an obstruction-of-justice charge against Barry. Smith was acquitted of rape on Dec. 11.

SENTENCED. **Robert John Bardo**, 21, former fast-food-restaurant worker; to life in prison without parole for the 1989 murder of actress Rebecca Schaeffer, a star of the 1986-88 CBS-rv comedy series *My Sister Sam*; in Los Angeles. An obsessed fan of Schaeffer's, Bardo hired a private detective to obtain her home address from the California Department of Motor Vehicles and shot her when she opened the door of her Los Angeles apartment building. Schaeffer's death stunned Hollywood, prompted stars to become more security

conscious and increased restrictions on public access to DMV information.

HOSPITALIZED. **Robert Dole**, 68, Senate minority leader; for surgery to remove a cancerous prostate; in Washington. The Kansas Republican has not yet announced whether he will seek re-election next year; his fourth term in the Senate expires in January 1993. Dole's doctors said there is little chance the cancer will recur.

DIED. **Richard Dyer-Bennet**, 78, tenor troubadour who helped launch a folk-music revival in the 1940s in the U.S. that laid the foundation for the success of Joan Baez and other folk singers in the 1960s; in Monterey, Mass. He won a cult following with his repertoire of British and French ballads and American cowboy songs.



If it had less legroom, a lesser warranty, and cost thousands more, it could be a Cadillac.

Logic would seem to dictate that when you pay thousands of dollars more for a car, you should get a lot more car. Apparently, in the case of the Cadillac Sedan DeVille versus the Chrysler Fifth Avenue, logic does not apply. Both cars provide ample room for six, air-conditioning, automatic transmission, automatic load leveling, stereo sound system, fully reclining seats, all as standard equipment. Both offer safety and performance. A driver's air bag is standard on the Chrysler Fifth Avenue, as is a powerful fuel-injected, 3.3-liter V-6. Anti-lock brakes are also available. Here, however, is where logic totally



falls apart. The restyled Chrysler Fifth Avenue costs thousands less, yet it has more rear legroom than the largest Cadillac.* And it offers a better warranty: bumper-to-bumper



protection for 5 years or 50,000 miles† So if you're looking for a great luxury car, defy logic. Pay less, get more. Chrysler Fifth Avenue. For more information, call 1-800-4A-CHRYSLER.

ADVANTAGE: CHRYSLER 
A DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

*Standard equipment levels vary. Legroom comparison to Cadillac throughout. †Excludes normal maintenance, adjustments and wear items. See limited warranty at dealer. Some restrictions apply.
SPECIAL SPONSOR
OF THE 1992 U.S.
OLYMPIC TEAM
BUICK 

J&B Blended Scotch Whisky, 43% Alc. by Vol., Imported by The Riddington Corporation, Ft. Lee, NJ © 1989

ingle ells,
ingle ells.

The holidays aren't the same without **J&B**

J&B Scotch Whisky. Blended and bottled in Scotland by Justerini & Brooks, fine wine and spirit merchants since 1749.
To send a gift of J&B anywhere in the U.S., call 1-800-528-6148. Void where prohibited.

Adventures in Lilliput

Extraordinary new laser tools and microscopes are enabling researchers to observe and manipulate a breathtaking microworld

By J. MADELEINE NASH CHICAGO

Think small. Now think smaller still. For in the lilliputian wonderland that scientists have begun to explore, a grain of rice looms as large as an asteroid, a droplet of water as wide as an inland sea.

Using powerful new tools, biologists at the University of Chicago have gently sliced through a red blood cell to peer at individual protein molecules clinging to its inner membrane. At the California Institute of Technology, chemists have watched in wonder as a hydrogen atom romances an oxygen away from a carbon dioxide molecule. And at Stanford University, physicist Steven Chu has mastered techniques for levitating millions of sodium atoms inside a stainless-steel canister and releasing them all at once in luminous fountains. Of late, Chu and his colleagues have amused themselves by stretching a double-stranded DNA molecule as taut as a tent rope. When they release one end, the molecule recoils like a miniature rubber band. *Boing!*

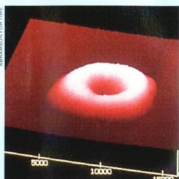
Just as improvements in navigational tools opened the oceans to sailing ships, so a new generation of precision instruments has exposed a breathtaking microworld to scientific exploration. Aided by computers that convert blizzards of data into images on a screen, these instruments are helping scientists see—and even tinker with—everything from living cells to individual atoms. "This technology is still pretty crude," marvels Chu. "Who knows what we may be able to do with it in a few years' time."

Among the instruments generating excitement:

FEMTOSECOND LASERS. Like strobes flickering across a submicroscopic

dance floor, these devices can freeze the gyrations of atoms and molecules with flashes of light. The lasers are being used to study everything from how sodium joins with other atoms to form salts to how plants convert sunlight into energy through the process of photosynthesis. Physicists from California's Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory reported that they used such a laser to take a "snapshot" of the chemical reaction that is the first step in visual perception. This reaction,

triggered when light hits the retina of the eye, had never before been directly observed. And with good reason. The reaction was clocked by the L.B.L. team at 200 femtoseconds, which are millionths of a billionth of a second. How fast is that? Well, in little more than a second, light can travel all the way from the moon to the earth, but in a femtosecond it traverses a distance that is but one hundredth the width of a human hair. "This sort of time scale is almost im-



THE ATOMIC FORCE MICROSCOPE probes the structure of matter one atom at a time, generating detailed computer images such as this view of a red blood cell. The AFM can even slice through the cell to reveal proteins inside.

possible to imagine," exclaims L.B.L. director Charles Shank, who helped pioneer the technology.

LASER TRAPS. Beams of laser light can also be used to ensnare groups of atoms, which can then be moved around at will. But because atoms at room temperature zoom about at supersonic speed, they first have to be slowed down. In 1985 the invention of "optical molasses" by a research team at AT&T Bell Laboratories provided an ingenious solution to the problem. As its name implies, optical molasses uses light to create enough electromagnetic "drag" to bring wildly careering atoms to a screeching halt. Because the atoms lose virtually all their kinetic energy, they approach the perfect stillness of absolute zero, the frozen state at which motion ceases.

At such supercold temperatures, scientists believe, matter may start to exhibit bi-

Special Advertising Feature

Amway®

Fourth in a Series

S U P P O R T S ENVIRONMENTAL A C T I O N



TUCSON CALLS UP OLD PHONE BOOKS

The citizens of Tucson, Arizona are recycling their old telephone books instead of throwing them into the trash. "Last year, we collected 50% of the books that would have otherwise ended up in landfills," says founder Joan Lionetti, executive director of Tucson Clean & Beautiful.

The town gears up for the annual drive during four busy weeks every fall. Then old directories from all over town are brought to convenient drop-off points at malls, stores, banks and libraries.

Since paper accounts for roughly 41% of all disposal in landfills, Tucson's telephone directory recycling program is playing a major part in cutting that waste. In four short years, the program

has saved more than 22,000 trees and 1,500 barrels of oil, both of which would have been used to manufacture new paper.

"Our success also helps people realize the need to recycle all kinds of products," says Bruce Philbrick, Tucson's recycling coordinator.

The program has served as a model for similar efforts in other states and has received national awards from Renew America and Keep America Beautiful. Lionetti knows this would not have been possible without her community volunteers: "Basically, the program works because the people are so committed to saving the environment through recycling."

All Environmental Activists featured in this series are recognized with a \$2,500 donation to their cause.

FIND THE ENVIRONMENTAL ACTIVIST

Everyone in this photo is an environmental activist. They all became involved in the environment the day they started their Amway businesses.

Since introducing its first product in 1959—L.O.C.® Liquid Organic Cleaner, a product containing only biodegradable detergents—Amway has had a concern for the environment.

As Amway distributors, the people in this photo also share with Amway the honor of receiving the United Nations Environment Programme Achievement



Award for commitment to the cause of environmental awareness.

And you thought you knew us.

Amway and its one million independent distributors market hundreds of diverse products and services to more than 50 countries and territories. For more information, call 1-800-544-7167.



Clockwise from left, Eugene Johnson, Texas; Linda Hardy, New Jersey; Ruth Lohela, California; Dr. Richard Allen, Oregon; Sally Svenson, South Dakota.

Science

zarre and interesting new properties. Certainly, cold atoms can be trapped and manipulated in a variety of cunning ways. The fountains created by Chu, for example, are enabling scientists to observe atoms in free fall and thus measure gravitational force with unprecedented accuracy. Fountains are also helping scientists measure the oscillations of cesium atoms more precisely than ever before, and cesium atoms are to atomic clocks—the world's most precise timepieces—what quartz crystals are to wristwatches.

OPTICAL TWEEZERS. With a single beam of infrared laser light, scientists can seize and manipulate everything from DNA molecules to bacteria and yeast without harming them. Among other things, optical tweezers can keep a tiny organism swimming in place while scientists study its paddling flagella under a microscope. Optical tweezers

non known as tunneling. This generates a tiny current that can be used to move atoms and molecules around with pinpoint precision. Thus last year physicists from IBM's Almaden Research Center manipulated 35 xenon atoms on a nickel surface to spell out their company's logo. They have also fashioned seven atoms into a minuscule beaker in which they can observe chemical reactions at an atomic level, and they devised a working version of a single-atom electronic switch that, in theory, could replace the transistor. Though some of the achievements seem whimsical—constructing a miniature map of the western hemisphere out of gold atoms, for instance—such stunts demonstrate a technique that may eventually be used to store computer data on unimaginably small devices.

ATOMIC FORCE MICROSCOPES. Like STMs, these instruments possess an atomi-

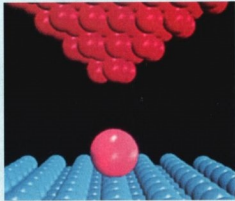
Without question, these recent additions to the scientific tool kit hold tremendous practical promise. A more accurate atomic clock, for instance, is not just a curiosity. "If we can put better clocks into orbit," notes William Phillips, a physicist at the National Institute of Standards and Technology, "we might improve the global positioning system enough to land airplanes in pea-soup fog." Even now it is not difficult to imagine that STMs might be employed by the semiconductor industry to produce minuscule electronic devices, that optical tweezers might be used by surgeons to correct defects in a single cell or that femtosecond lasers might eventually be harnessed to control, as well as monitor, chemical reactions. Speculates University of Chicago chemical physicist Steven Siben: "In the future, combinations of these magic wands may become much



WORLD'S SMALLEST MAP is only 1 micron (0.00004 in.) across—smaller than some bacteria. Each dot, dropped in place by a scanning tunneling microscope (STM), contains just a few thousand atoms of gold.



MOLECULE MAN was sketched on platinum by an STM out of individual molecules of carbon monoxide.



SINGLE-ATOM SWITCH is made from the tiny tip of an STM, a flat expanse of nickel, and one xenon atom that can be forced to jump from one to the other. The atom's position determines how electricity will flow through the system.

can also reach right through cell membranes to grab specialized structures known as organelles and twirl them around. Currently, researchers are using the technology to measure the mechanical force exerted by a single molecule of myosin, one of the muscle proteins responsible for motion. Scientists are also examining the swimming skill of an individual sperm. "One day," imagines Michael Berns, director of the Beckman Laser Institute and Medical Clinic at the University of California at Irvine, "we may be able to pick up a live sperm and stuff it right into an egg."

SCANNING TUNNELING MICROSCOPES. Invented only 10 years ago, these extraordinary instruments probe surfaces with a metallic tip only a few atoms wide. At very short distances, electrons can traverse the gap between the tip and the surface, a phenom-

cally small tip that resembles a phonograph needle. An AFM reads a surface by touching it, tracing the outlines of individual atoms in much the same way a blind person reads Braille. Because the electromagnetic force applied by the tip is so small, an AFM can delicately probe a wide range of surfaces, including the membranes of living cells. Even more astounding, by applying slightly more pressure, scientists can use an AFM tip as a dissecting tool that lets them scrape off the top of cells without destroying their interior structures. Scientists have used an AFM to detail the biochemical cascade that results in blood clotting; to examine the atomic structure of seashells; and to uncover the tiny communication channels that link one cell to another. "We're looking at scales so small," says University of Chicago physiologist Morton Arnsdorf, "they almost defy comprehension."

more powerful than using them one by one."

Such marvels, of course, will not materialize overnight. Cautions IBM physicist Donald Eigler: "The single-atom switch looks small until you realize it took a whole roomful of equipment to make it work." Still, computer chips the size of bacteria and motors as small as molecules of myosin are rapidly moving out of the world of fantasy and into the realm of possibility. "For years, scientists have been taking atoms and molecules apart in order to understand them," says futurist K. Eric Drexler, president of the Foresight Institute in Palo Alto, Calif. "Now it's time to start figuring out how to put them together to make useful things." With such powerful instruments to help them, scientists and engineers may finally be getting ready to do just that. ■

ENJOY FRIENDLY HOMETOWN SAVINGS ON TWA.

30 DAYS TO BUY.
FLY UNTIL MAY 31, 1992.

Now TWA gives you another good reason to be happy you live here: This money-saving discount coupon.

Use it for discounts on as many tickets as you want. And at almost any TWA fare...from Coach to First Class. Use it to save when you fly to almost every TWA domestic or international destination.

For the seat you want on the flight you want, call your Travel Agent or TWA now at 1-800-221-2000.



30 DAYS TO SAVE UP TO 25% OFF TWA FARES.

FLY UNTIL MAY 31, 1992.

Present coupon when purchasing tickets between December 29, 1991 and January 28, 1992 for travel through May 31, 1992 to all TWA/TWE destinations except Cairo and Tel Aviv. Coupon will not be honored retroactively. Not valid on TW designated flights operated by another carrier. Discount can be applied to any published fare excluding fares booked in T or V class and Government, Military, VUSA, BTCON, BUS, Y2C, Y2F, C2F and BRTWSALE fares. Advance purchase requirements vary by fare type purchased; all tickets must be purchased at least 7 days prior to departure. Blackout dates: Dec. 20-31, 1991; Jan. 1-7, 1992; April 10-12/16/17/24/26, 1992. Additional blackout dates for domestic travel vary by destination. Call 1-800-221-2000 for details. This discount may not be combined with any other marketing program, discount, coupon (including Business Saver Coupons) or promotion and is not valid where prohibited by local law. Discount applies to fares BEFORE application of fuel surcharges, departure taxes, security charges, government inspection fees or other governmental fees not part of the published fare.

This valuable coupon gives you these international and domestic savings:

ON MINIMUM FARE PER TICKET	SAVE
\$200	\$ 50
\$300	\$ 75
\$400	\$100
\$600	\$150
\$800	\$200
	VSCS

TWA

TWA

FIND OUT HOW GOOD WE REALLY ARE®

Living

Comfortable Stations

These days the bathroom is a place to relax, to exercise, even to entertain

By ELIZABETH RUDOLPH

In the '80s America obsessed over kitchens: literally billions were spent on preparation islands, cherry-wood cupboards, customized appliance corrals and elaborate Viking ranges. But these days the attention of house-proud homeowners has marched down the hall—to would you believe?—the bathroom, which has suddenly become a place to relax, to exercise, even to entertain.

New bathrooms are twice the size they were two decades ago, roomy enough for the family dog—and maybe a few family members—to nap between dual pedestal sinks. They have added functions too: many are preferred sites for exercise equipment, paired with a wall-mounted or swivel-based TV. Bathrooms are also showplaces, filled with big-ticket items like stained-glass shower enclosures, halogen lights, fireplaces, even “morning kitchens” with under-the-counter refrigerator and microwave for heating up muffins or evening snacks. Themed décors are popular, with billowing paisley-fabric-covered windows, flower gardens with plants, wicker furniture, and Lucite etched with cloud formations. In researching an upcoming book on baths, fashion designer Diane Von Furstenberg even found a bathroom with two tubs, “so that people can talk to each other while they’re getting clean.”

The new loos do not come cheap. This year Americans will spend \$10.9 billion on bigger and better bathrooms, typically shelling out between \$7,000 and \$9,000 for remodeling or adding new fixtures or furniture. Author David Owen (*The Walls Around Us*) and his family, of Washington, Conn., “decorated” their funky 1790 farmhouse bathroom with castoffs: a couch, a rocking chair, a bookcase, a table, an old refrigerator used for storage. They even held a cocktail party there. “It’s a very comfortable, cozy room,” he explains. “When the kids were little and we had company, one of us would have to leave the party for about a half-hour to get them ready for bed. So we took the drinks and moved it all upstairs. We can seat six to eight, including one on the john. There’s plenty of room for a party in there.” In the ‘90s there is real meaning behind the term comfort station.

—With reporting by

Michele Donley/Chicago



Arabian Nights fantasy: themed décors are popular; sometimes so are “morning kitchens”



Etched Lucite murals strike a cloud theme, set off by mirrors and marble

Served at fine Scottish restaurants everywhere.
(???)



The Scotch whisky that's aged, blended, then aged again. Also available in 12, 21 & 30 year.
Whyte & Mackay Scotch Whisky. Doubly matured for singular smoothness.

To have a gift of Whyte & Mackay 12, 21 or 30 year blended Scotch whisky delivered call 1-800-238-4373. Void where prohibited.

80% Alc./Vol. (160.0 proof) and 43% Alc./Vol. (86 proof). Imported by Mattson Wine Co. Deerfield, IL. © 1991 Ben Beam Brands Co.

There were already a few suspension systems that almost eliminated bounce and sway. At Infiniti, we just happen to dislike the word 'almost.'

From the very first day, the Infiniti Q45[®] performance luxury sedan was intended to redefine the driving experience.



In a car Road & Track named one of the world's ten best, you find things like a seat and steering wheel that remind you where you like them positioned, every time you get in the car.

As much as you might love driving the Q45, sooner or later, you'll have to stop. That's where state-of-the-art ABS brakes come in.



Does this look like one of the most powerful, responsive engines on the road? It should. Because, with 32 valves and 278 horsepower, it is.

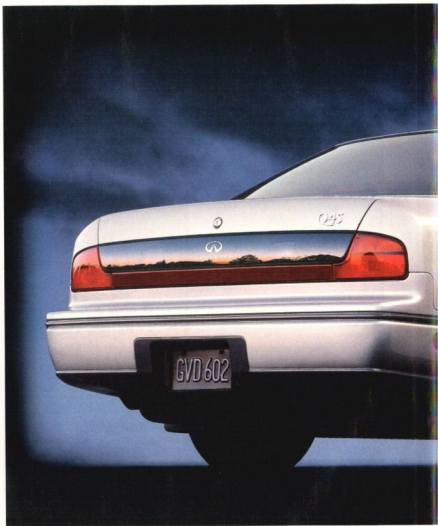


And nowhere is this approach more dramatically realized than in the world's first Full-Active Suspension[®] system.

This breakthrough started with a simple, and far better, way to counteract the forces that inevitably occur when a car goes over bumps and around curves. [These are the forces, by the way,

that cause bounce and sway. Those are the things that can cause loss of control.]

Full-Active Suspension deals with these forces by first sensing them, and then applying counter-forces at an astounding rate of a thousand times a





second. While the system is very sophisticated, and
Q45 involves space-age computers and sensory
devices, the result is immediately obvious.
You feel, instead of bounce and sway, an ideal
balance between "road feel" and a flat, level ride.

There is an enhanced sense of comfort, security,
even safety. As if, for the first time ever, you
control the road instead of the other way around.

After that happens, "almost" is the last word
that comes to mind.

© 1991 Infiniti Division of Nissan North America, Inc. U.S.A.

 **INFINITI.**

MICHAEL CRAWFORD

In the smash hit stage production of

The Phantom Of The Opera,

Michael Crawford amazed

audiences worldwide.

Now, along with *The Royal*

Philharmonic Orchestra, he focuses

his awesome talent and insight

on other great songs by

Andrew Lloyd Webber.

Includes songs from *Cats*, *Evita*,

Starlight Express,

The Phantom Of The Opera and more.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD
performs ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
songs from his new CD, *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*



PERFORMS

ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER



ON ATLANTIC... CASSETTES AND COMPACT DISCS.

© 1991 Atlantic Recording Corp. A Time Warner Company

Books

Bully for a Good Cause

THE TRIUMPH & TRAGEDY OF LYNDON JOHNSON: THE WHITE HOUSE YEARS by Joseph A. Califano Jr.; Simon & Schuster; 398 pages; \$25

By HUGH SIDNEY WASHINGTON

Discovering the truth about Lyndon Johnson is like conducting a monstrous archaeological dig, with authors desperately collecting the shards from his mountainous record. Some are intent on assembling the dark glints, while others gather points of light. Joseph Califano, his closest aide on domestic policy for 3½

years, has Minnesota running-water disease," L.B.J. roared. "I've never known anyone from Minnesota that could keep their mouth shut. It's just something in the water out there." Johnson peevishly curtailed his political appointees from helping Humphrey in the campaign of 1968; Humphrey lost to Nixon by half a percentage point.

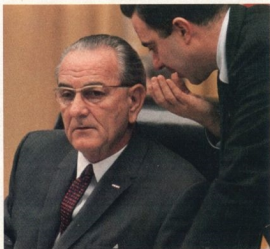
But Califano hears and sees the larger purpose struggling within that tortured man. Through the civil rights campaign and the legislative battles on health, education and housing there is a vision held high by Johnson, found even in his raw Pedernales patois. "Niggah, niggah, niggah," Johnson shouted at Califano after a meeting with Southern and Border state Governors in 1966. "If I don't achieve anything else while I am President, I intend to wipe that word out of the English language."

Johnson is the last President we have had who relished domestic affairs. Califano's portrait shows that Johnson's genius was in his uncanny insight and attention to detail. "You look like an ice-cream salesman," Johnson told Califano when he showed up in a light suit. Califano went dark gray.

One of these years we may get somebody like Califano who has a bit of poetry in him. But not yet. Califano bothers us with a lot of irrelevant comings and goings around the White House.

Califano may not have intended it, but his story casts him as a gentle usurper as L.B.J.'s power ebbs and his energy fades. Califano smothered Johnson's vindictiveness before it left the Oval Office. He just ignored stupid orders, and he pushed his own policy choices on a dispirited boss, a man who could work wonders in the back rooms but was blinded in the open sunlight.

This book is only one chapter in the long, complex Johnson political odyssey. But it is a crucial one. Califano makes no pretense at being inside or expert on Vietnam. Yet he does see and report the malignancy of war and how the bewildered Johnson raced that curse to the very end, finally losing, but not before he had at least given the nation a glimpse of a Great Society. ■



No detail too minor or coarse: L.B.J. with Califano

years, has delivered a hard, pure nugget of L.B.J. that is close to the truth. Califano was there taking notes.

The deviousness, the bullying and the lying, which ultimately consumed Johnson, are reported so graphically in some passages that a reader must wonder how Califano or any other person could work for such a tyrant. "Unzip your fly," L.B.J. challenged Califano, when the aide believed he had cut a good deal with Arkansas' wily Senator John McClellan. "There's nothing there. John McClellan just cut it off with a razor so sharp you didn't even notice it." Califano still marvels over seeing Johnson crouch Abe Fortas, by then a Supreme Court Justice, counsel the President on how the government should argue its case for the Penn Central Railroad merger, then watching the merger approval come down from the court with the majority opinion authored by Fortas.

Johnson's distrust of Vice President Hubert Humphrey has never been so starkly chronicled. He stripped Humphrey of authority on civil rights programs in a brutal maneuver that went through Califano. "He

People

By MICHAEL QUINN



I Love... Rosie?

Now that she's queen of the Nielsens, what might be **Roseanne Arnold's** next career goal? How about legend? Next week ABC's *Everywoman* appears in *TV Guide* with lesser half Tom, done up as small-screen icons Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. The couch potato's bible calls Roseanne Arnold the most powerful boob-

tube diva since the divine Ms. Ball (memo to Mary Tyler Moore: Fire your publicist). Furthering the parallel, the Arnolds are now making plans for their first big-screen bow as husband and wife—a remake of Vincente Minnelli's 1954 comedy *The Long Long Trailer*, which starred... Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz.

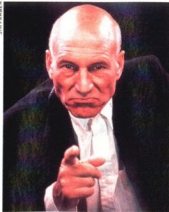
Scroogeathon

He is known across America as Captain Jean-Luc Picard of the 24th century, when hu-

manity has conquered the depths of space, but not male-pattern baldness. Now

Patrick Stewart's high profile on TV's *Star Trek: The Next*

Generation has earned him the ultimate reward of his profession: a star turn on Broadway. Stewart just opened at Manhattan's Eugene O'Neill Theater in his own stage adaptation of Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, a one-man show that is part play, part recitation—and part decathlon, as the classically trained actor takes on 39 roles in two hours. The reaction from critics: Out of this world.

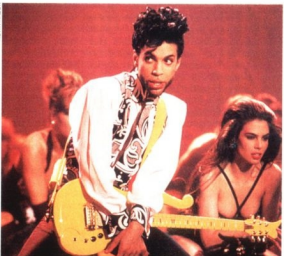


Ollie's Fine Mess

"General Schwarzkopf is 240 lbs. of fury," wrote **Oliver North** in a recent letter to supporters. Ironically, the fury of **H. Norman Schwarzkopf** has come North's way. Ollie's mailing included a photograph of the Desert Stormer and a pitch for the Freedom Alliance, a conservative group that is headed by North and boosts causes dear to his heart, like the military and North himself. The photo raised \$94,000—and Schwarzkopf's blood pressure: the ex-general didn't know that his face had been flacking for North until a *Legal Times* reporter phoned for a reaction. Fast-



er than you can say "cease and desist," the Freedom Alliance killed its Schwarzkopf come-on.



Leroy Brown: Don't Read This!

Trendspotters alert! First, a cut from Jermaine Jackson's latest recording cuts down **DANGEROUS** sibling Michael. Now an ex-manager of rock-and-vaudeville singer Prince claims that he is being raked over the coals in a track from Prince's **DIAMONDS AND PEARLS**. Steve Fargnoli says he is the target of a high-octane rap dubbed **JUGHEAD**, which denounces unnamed managers as "parasites." Prince, who neither wrote nor performed the damning ditty (that task falling to rapper Tony M.), denies the charge. Fargnoli is suing, but will let bygones be bygones—for \$5 million.

Something New For the Met

The Ghosts of Versailles, a world premiere, makes for a lively show



The opera's mock-Turkish scene: a vivid, antic quality that escapes being overly busy

By MARTHA DUFFY

The Metropolitan Opera, goes the old line, is New York City's second Met museum. It's an acrid joke, deriding the opera house's conservative repertoire, its emphasis on Verdi, Puccini and Wagner standards. Where, the critics ask, is innovation? What about experiment? But the hard truth is that new works don't sell, and the Met, with one of the most ambitious schedules in the world, must try to fill 4,000 seats at 210 performances a season. And for the most part, its forays into premieres have been failures. Met veterans still wince at the memory of the disastrous premiere of Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra*, written to inaugurate the company's new quarters in Lincoln Center in 1966.

Last week the company offered its first world premiere since that ill-fated season, and for a change it looks as if the Met has a hit. The work is *The Ghosts of Versailles*, by New York City-born John Corigliano, 53. The Met's artistic director, James Levine, picked Corigliano with both genuine admiration and a steady eye on the box office. Corigliano's theatrical, highly finished orchestral works, including clarinet and flute concertos and a symphony, are being played with increasing frequency around the country and are popular with audiences. His score for *Ghosts* may not be trailblazing music, but it is effective and,

above all, singable. There are melodic arias and ensembles, some clever, pleasing Mozart pastiches, and climaxes tumultuous enough to rival *Les Misérables*.

If the audience at *Ghosts*, which is being performed during the next three weeks, wearies of the attenuated, ectoplasmic string sounds that emanate rather too frequently from the pit, there is always some action to watch onstage. This show never quits. The marvel is that it has been fashioned out of what would seem to be very awkward, complex material. Corigliano was interested in a story that would include the characters from *The Marriage of Figaro* as they appear 20 years later in Beaumarchais's play *La Mère Coupable*. He asked his librettist, William Hoffman, "to create a libretto that did not set me in 1792 but set me in a world of smoke and haze from which I could look into the past, leap into or out of the past."

The eponymous ghosts are French aristocrats, including Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, who were guillotined during the Revolution. Another ghost is Beaumarchais himself, who has been in love with the queen for 200 spectral years. But she yearns only to live again. To amuse the ghosts and court the queen, Beaumarchais stages a Figaro opera-within-the-opera. The intrigues of the Almadiva household have changed little since Mozart's time. Both the count and countess have illegiti-

mate children. Figaro is still the witty meddler, but his affection for practical Susanna remains firm.

In the course of his drama, Beaumarchais (well sung by baritone Hakan Hagegard) decides to enter the action—don't ask how—to enable his beloved to escape prison and flee to Philadelphia. The scheme depends on selling her diamond necklace, which changes hands roughly as often as the Rhine gold. In the end Marie decides to accept her grisly historical fate, though she does confess that she has fallen in love with Beaumarchais.

The trouble with the queen's change of heart is that it is never made convincing dramatically. That leaves soprano Teresa Stratas, emotionally eloquent as ever and in superb voice, with very little to do beyond expressing continual anguish. While librettist Hoffman does well portraying the sexual jealousy of the Almadivas and the connubial loyalty of Figaro and Susanna, his lead couple remain elusive.

Mercifully, *Ghosts* is not much about romantic dreads, or even introspection. Corigliano set out to compose an opera buffa, an 18th-century-style comic opera such as *Figaro* or *Così Fan Tutte*. As realized on the stage, scene after scene has a vivid, antic quality that somehow escapes being overly busy. Exploiting the vastness of the Met stage, designer John Konklín deploys props—solid, handsome, witty—in ever shifting assemblages. Director Colin Graham sends ghostly ladies flying gently through the air, each looking like a Fragonard dreamscape. Whatever their sins against the people, these aristocrats have found a happy repose, and the opera's creators betray a considerable royalist bias.

Among several lavish set pieces, the showstopper is a Turkish scene at the end of the first act. Such exotic interludes were a vogue in the 18th century, and Corigliano and Hoffman mock the form with glee. The setting is an outlandish reception at the Turkish embassy, presided over by a 12-ft. foam pasha from whose mail-slot mouth a bass voice emerges. As the sultry singer Samira, mezzo Marilyn Horne reclines lasciviously on a plushy couch and tosses off a florid cavatina and cabaletta to words from an Arabic phrase book ("I am in a valley, and you are in a valley..."). It's diverting and spectacular in a rather sweet, good-humored way. And that, despite the dark shadow of the guillotine, is the prevailing mood of *Ghosts* and the reason for its effectiveness. The final image: Marie Antoinette and Beaumarchais strolling tranquilly together in their Fragonard paradise.

—With reporting by Nancy Newman/New York



Essay

Charles Krauthammer

Why Is America In a Blue Funk?

Fed chairman Alan Greenspan told Congress last week that the economy was not doing all that badly yet consumer confidence was weaker than he had ever seen it. In a nation of consumers, low consumer confidence is more than an unwillingness to buy. It is a loss of faith, a statistical measure of national anxiety. As the year ends, a morbid pessimism has settled over the nation, a Great Depression not of the economy but of the psyche.

It is precisely this disparity between economy and psyche, between how bad things really are and how bad we think they are, that begs explaining. Obviously, we are in a recession, but by any historical standard, a mild one. U.S. GNP has fallen 0.76% over the past year. In 1930 it dropped 9.4%; in 1932, 13.4%. During the most recent recession, 1981-82, the fall was 2.3%, three times the current contraction.

Perhaps this recession has produced more publicized malaise than most because it has hit the upper classes more than most. White-collar workers usually escape recessions. In 1981-82, for example, the white-collar unemployment rate increased one-sixth as much as the blue-collar rate. This time it has increased fully half as much. The factory worker has the ballot box, but he has less access to the national soapbox than do the manager and the office worker, the M.B.A. and the journalist now on the street looking for work. In part, then, this recession has been hyped for the same reason plane crashes get far more ink than bus accidents: it hits a lot closer to home, and is thus far more interesting, to the chattering classes.

Hype is hype, but surely it cannot be the whole story. Being told that you are depressed, or ought to be, can be mildly depressing. But you have to be reasonably demoralized in the first place for such a suggestion to have serious effect.

So where does the original gloom come from? The ques-

tion is all the more puzzling when you consider that historians are sure to write of 1991 as America's best year since 1945. (They are not deflected from such judgments by GNP declines of 0.76%.) The year began, after all, with the most smashing military victory this side of Agincourt, a victory that demonstrated not just American military prowess but also diplomatic skill, technological pre-eminence and national will. And the year ended with the collapse, indeed the total evaporation of America's most implacable foe, a global giant that had vowed to bury us and spent the better part of 45 years trying.

A year bookended by such extraordinary triumphs is a year whose close finds the nation in a blue funk. Doctor?

The most tempting diagnosis is postpartum depression, the paradoxical melancholy that settles in after a supreme act of human fulfillment. What follows, Peggy Lee once explained, is the "Is that all there is?" syndrome. For two generations we lived with the expectation that if we could only end the endless twilight struggle with the Soviet Empire, if we could only turn from swords to plowshares, if we could only climb down from J.F.K.'s ramparts of freedom, life would be rosy. Peace dividend. Nuclear tranquility. National repose. Rewards for all the sacrifices endured, for all the gratification deferred for 45 years.

We discover instead that life being life, the end of this great war no more brings the Edenic revival than did the end of World War I or II. The first effect of the peace dividend, we learn, is unemployed defense workers. Far from revival, we come home to recession.

And maybe not just any recession. General Motors, that synonym for American enterprise, sounds a massive retreat with unprecedented plant closings and layoffs. Is this a metaphor for the American economy, for American destiny? We are seized with a sudden fear: maybe the current recession is not just a cyclical downturn, which would make it tolerable, but the harbinger of long-term decline. Maybe the bill for the cold war (or the Decade of Greed or the wages of sin—pick your poison) has come due, and we are now beginning our inexorable descent. Maybe this is not America 1945 but Britain 1945: triumphant, exhausted and finished.

One cannot prove—only history can—that such a fevered reading of a shallow recession is unwarranted. But one can show that it is not that unusual. America has a deserved reputation for optimism, but it does have a tradition of pessimism that would do any Middle European nation proud.

Most of us remember Carter's malaise and Kissinger's Spenglerian forebodings. We tend not to remember John Adams' lament that "democracy never lasts long. It soon wastes, exhausts and murders itself."

"When competition and enterprise were rising," wrote the distinguished American historian Richard Hofstadter, "men thought of the future; when they were flourishing, of the present. Now . . . when competition and opportunity have gone into decline, men look wistfully back toward a golden age." Written in 1948, the very beginning of the great American ascendancy.

Today we are experiencing one of those periodic flowerings of American pessimism. It is a minute past our "finest hour" (December 1941—December 1991, when America saved the world, twice). The parades are over. Things are tough. America is down.

Fine. We are entitled to a bit of a wallow. But let's be realistic. There is not a refugee in the world who does not dream of America. Not a newly liberated nation not eager to emulate our institutions. Not a country on earth that would not trade places with the most economically, militarily and politically powerful nation on earth. There are nine years left in the American Century, and no nation is in a better position to seize the 21st.

Cheer up.

■



It was only 2:00 PM and Keith Heavenridge already knew the rest of his day wasn't going to turn out like he had planned. Heavenridge was already late for a 1:45 meeting. Leaving his office, he saw that his car was blocked by his wife's Volvo.

"I have to admit I was a little annoyed at the time," he recalls. "Instead of waiting for her to move it, I decided to take the Volvo."

This action would take on greater meaning thirty-five minutes later. Because as Keith was turning onto Sunset Boulevard, a twisting, turning, four-lane highway with no median to separate traffic, another car came flying around a blind turn and, crossing four lanes and speed bumps, lost complete control, hitting the Heavenridge Volvo GLE wagon head on.

"I don't even think I took my foot off of the gas," says Heavenridge. "He came out of nowhere. All I remember is this crunching feeling to the very core of my body."

"I went down to the impound where the tow truck had taken the car after the accident," Cecily Heavenridge remembers, "and when I got to the car, I couldn't believe it. My stomach got all knotted. I mean there was nothing left of the front of the car. Nothing. It was crunched right up to where Keith was sitting."

"I know in my heart I would have been a widow raising three kids if he had not been driving my car that day."

"The front of the car collapsed like an accordion just like I had read it would," Keith Heavenridge says. "The air bag went off. The first few moments I just sat there, doing an inventory of my condition. I was a little shaken up, my wrist hurt from banging the windshield, but that's about it. I then opened the door, got out and walked over to check on the other driver."

Beginning with Volvo's unique safety cage construction and laminated windshield technology developed in 1944, to crumple zones and child safety innovations, to today, on 700 and 900 series cars, a side impact protection system years ahead of government standards, Volvo design engineers

have introduced 48 new safety features to their vehicles in almost as many years.

"An experience like this teaches you that you can be the safest driver in the world and because someone else is not paying attention or because of the circumstances at a given point in time, you can get into an accident," Heavenridge says.

There are 34,000,000 accidents each year in this country and over 45,000 deaths. To look at these statistics is at the same time frightening and deceiving. Because at a distance, numbers become anonymous and accidents only happen to "other people."

Keith Heavenridge knows how false this sense of security can be. As he stands by Sunset Boulevard recounting his accident, another one almost takes place. Tires screech. Horns blare.

He just shakes his head and walks away.

Each year, the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety studies the occupant death rates in thousands of accidents.* This year, the car with the lowest fatality rate was the Volvo 240 wagon. Each year IIHS has been analyzing accident statistics, Volvos have been at the top or near the top in their respective model categories. No car manufacturer can guarantee you will survive an accident. No company can say you won't have an injury. But statistics show and crash tests demonstrate that some cars can offer more protection than others.

"I thought of how close we had come with Keith's accident to being alone," Cecily Heavenridge says. "I never want to be in that position again. Since then, we've bought two more Volvos."

There are certain moments in your life when your entire world becomes crystal clear. When all your priorities are in order. For Keith Heavenridge, that moment came on January 3, 1990 at 2:35 PM.

It is now almost two years later. Keith Heavenridge is having his picture taken for this advertisement. In another room in his house, his son, David, nine years old, picks up a photo taken of his father's crumpled Volvo after the crash.

"My dad was in this car."

Drive safely.

VOLVO





Volvo Saved My Life Club Member, Jan. 3, 1990.

KEITH HEAVENRIDGE:

“There
are certain
moments
when your
entire world
becomes
crystal clear.”



Marlboro

Come to where the flavor is.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1991

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**

Lights: Menthol 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine; 100's & Kings 11 mg "tar,"
0.9 mg nicotine—Medium Soft & Box: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—
100's Soft & Menthol Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine—100's Box &
Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.